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THE MAN AND THE WOMAN

ARTHUR L. SALMON

THE MAN AND THE WOMAN

Chapters on Human Life

BY

ARTHUR L. SALMON

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OCT 1934

THE MAN AND THE WOMAN

CHAPTER I

DOES HE UNDERSTAND HER

DOES a man ever really understand the character of a woman?

It must be taken for granted that all understanding between man and woman is simply relative; there are degrees, but seldom completeness. When we recognize that we only partially know ourselves, that there are shades of character, moods, motives, sudden desires or antipathies or impulses which continually surprise us and evade our discrimination, we must see how impossible it is completely to know any other person. So many personalities seem grouped within the one individual, heredity so complicates matters with the ghosts of a thousand ancestors, that we only faintly apprehend our own characters and never come to a full comprehension. How much more so with the case of another.

But apart from the ordinary veil that conceals soul from soul, there is the other veil of sex. Sex is not a

thing that is skin-deep; it does not merely rule form and function: it attaches to mind and emotions if not to the underlying spirit. The bare spiritual part, the true inner entity, may, indeed, know nothing of sex; take away mind and body, and there is still something that we recognize as deeper than these, the soul that is untouched by passing years. This inmost self may perhaps be independent of sex. But this is not the part with which we ever become familiar, even in our own selves, though it be really our truest self. The part of ourselves and of others that we know best is just the part that is most intimately affected by sex, the characteristics that make up our daily life, the thoughts and emotions and purposes of which our active personalities consist.

The old question of equality between the sexes need not be discussed; we may take it for granted that they are equal. We cannot take it for granted that they are similar. They are widely unlike, and any attempt to render them alike or to treat them alike must end in disaster. But that understanding which is impossible as a whole is possible in part. Perhaps there are no women whom all men can read, even superficially; but there are few women whom some man cannot know

with tolerable accuracy. The feminine, so widely different from the male, may yet be apprehended and appreciated by the male.

Some of the best woman characters in fiction have been drawn by men. It almost seems, if one may dare to say so, that men draw women better in fiction than women draw men. Very seldom, indeed, do we find a true man drawn by a feminine pen—even George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë partly fail here; one finds some lack of reality in their heroes. Yet what lovely portraits of women have been given us by masculine novelists, or, if not always lovely, what living likenesses—by Balzac, Tolstoy, Victor Hugo, Thackeray, Meredith, Hawthorne, Hardy! Jane Austen's pictures of women are generally flawless in their accuracy; can we say as much of her men? If we collected a literary gallery of feminine portraits from the novelists, some of the most excellent would be the work of men; but if we collected a similar gallery of masculine portraits, how few of these could be taken from female writers!

It is clear, then, that, at least in the case of genius, man can read woman with a wonderful insight—always, of course, with the limitations that attach to our

wonderfully elusive personality; and in the case of men who are not geniuses there may be the same enlightening sympathy, though without the gift of utterance. When a woman tells us laughingly that no man ever understands her, we may assent, but we might retaliate that there are other women equally worthy whom some men can in a measure comprehend. That which is best in womanhood has certainly been adequately seen and appraised by the man.

If a woman chooses that no man, nor any one else, should understand her, she can, of course, easily accomplish the feat of deceiving or eluding. Some women spend their lives in doing little else, and we may concede that off the stage a man is a clumsy actor, compared with a woman. To play a part comes naturally to the woman almost from infancy; a little girl assumes airs and graces and manners of which a boy knows nothing. There is no woman who cannot twist most men round her little finger—perhaps not all men, but most; there is no woman who cannot veil her identity, conceal her true feelings, or ape an emotion that she does not feel; the statement may sound sweeping, but exceptions are certainly insignificant.

To evade or foil or bewilder a man is usually child's

play to the woman of average cleverness; and most women are clever. It may be confessed that the deception is often for the man's own gratification, often for his good, often committed in pure guilelessness and benevolence of spirit. The good woman can act as well as the bad one, but she does it differently, and she surrounds a man with the little tender nothings, delicate, graceful trifles, pretendings, kindly fallacies, that are so delightful to the less artful man. Here and there a man sees through the exquisite make-believe, but he knows that a good true heart beats beneath the veiling and gauzy drapings, and he loves it. But if he feels that it rings false, he finds it all detestable.

Even more than man, woman is a creature of moods; where a man moves slower she flies at lightning pace. Her perceptions, often marvelously right, have no logical basis or excuse; her decisions are like a blind guess, her caprices and sympathies and sudden resentments are inscrutable.

A man may be able to follow her by quick changes of sympathy, but he will try hopelessly to account for her rapid turns and flights, her whims and inconsistencies and inconsequences. It is sheer waste of time,

as a rule, to expect any discoverable reasons for her doings or sayings or thinkings, her antipathies or her attachments; these are things that she does not attempt to understand herself, though she implicitly believes in their rightness.

One finds that in all women but the very noblest there is something untamed, primitive, some naked bedrock of passion that may lead her beyond the reach of mercy or scruple. She can become a desperate enemy. A man's enmity is more easily blunted. In the art of giving stabs under the guise of utter sweetness there is no doubt that the woman excels the man. She can kiss while she kills.

When all is said, there are only approximations at understanding each other. We guess at each other tentatively and dimly, save here and there where love lends its illumination. Even the sympathy of love is not always that of comprehension. Sometimes the worst eludes our view; we can be equally sure that much good also escapes us undetected. This must be our comfort in judging our fellows—man or woman; the best qualities are by no means the obvious ones. And wherever we attempt a fuller apprehension let it always be in the spirit of tenderness, of charity, of

self-humility, ready to suspect beauties in secret places, slow to imagine offense, eager to avoid.

No insight into the character of man or woman is of value unless it leads to a larger love and kindliness. Has it not been said that "to know all is to forgive all"? Within certain limits, those words are deeply true.

CHAPTER II

DOES SHE UNDERSTAND HIM

PROBABLY every woman more or less perfectly knows the character of one man or of several; within limitations, love or deep sympathy will give such knowledge. That woman as a whole comprehends man must be negatived.

There are women who lightly assume that man's nature is a very simple thing; they profess to read it thoroughly, while at the same time they laugh at the idea that any man can really comprehend a woman. They assume a special insight and intuition which they assert that men lack. While admitting that the intuitive faculty may generally be more fully developed, or at least more fully relied on, in women than it is in men, we may still doubt whether this facile reading of the masculine nature is so universally the possession of women.

It is easy to say that man is just a bundle of vanities and fancies; that, while believing himself to be self-reliant, he is really always relying on some woman or

other; that he can be humored and wheedled and flattered to any woman's desire; that she need only pipe for him to start him dancing. Keep a man in good temper if you can, feed him well, say pleasing nothings to him, delude him into thinking that you realize his greatness—that is the creed of many women with regard to their males, and there may be cases in which it is not altogether wrong. The average man is perhaps easy to delude, ready to be deceived in matters that please him, content if his physical comforts are well attended to; the average male, indeed, is by no means a difficult animal to deal with. He is generally more dense than the woman, sometimes, perhaps, more generous and unsuspecting; he is less of an actor, betrays his feelings more readily—for a woman often betrays her feelings only to make capital of them—and is less skillful at scheming. Such a man may fall a ready victim to a woman's cleverness and in many cases his victimization is for his good; if the woman is good as well as clever she can manipulate him perfectly and beneficently. It is hard to estimate how much a woman can do for his good with a man of this nature; it is equally hard to estimate how much she may do for his evil.

A woman is likely to think that all means are good if they lead to a good end; and when she takes a man in hand she will stop at little that may make for his happiness or his welfare. This is just what the average man needs, to be taken in charge by a woman of clever goodness, of healthy and high toned nature; if the man does his own part as well, nothing is more likely to make life run smoothly. The woman's delicate hand and adroit touch can play with marvelous effect on the heavier material of the male personality; if she has tact, she may win and hold him completely.

But there are many mistakes that a woman often makes in estimating the characters of men. She is usually ready to assume that woman is more unselfish than man, which is altogether a fallacy. Selfishness is a matter of the individuality, of human nature as á whole; it is not a characteristic of sex. There are many selfish men; there are as many selfish women.

Some women always make the mistake of thinking that a man always wants to be chattered to when he comes home; if he is silent they imagine that he must be cross. This is a common misconception of the male nature. A man may sit silent for hours and yet be perfectly happy; or his silence may be just the recu-

peration that he needs after his return from an arduous day of business. The wise woman will wait till he shows a disposition to talk. Women are usually credited with greater tact than men; but at the same time it must be admitted that there are women who fail in tact very considerably. The tact of a sensitive man is not to be surpassed by that of any woman; and it is as possible to man to be nobly unselfish. All women know this; many willingly confess it. Those who know and confess it are those who have the clearest comprehension of the masculine character; they know its weaknesses, but they feel its strength. They have at least known one true man, and taken him as a type. But the best women are not those who glibly boast that they understand the male.

Man differs from woman largely also in the way in which he manifests emotion. Very often he shows it by silence only. When he speaks most he feels least. He is denied the relief of tears; often he is also denied the relief of unrestrained utterance. His grief is less articulate, and his anger is more often nursed in resentful broodings. Of course in all these matters there are infinite degrees and divergences; there are even men who weep easily, and whose superficial feelings are

loquacious. More often the man says little and thinks much. He has also perhaps a deeper love of peace than many women, and will sacrifice more for it. This may become a weakness, for peace at any price is always a dangerous maxim.

A man's love also is often less demonstrative than a woman's and it takes more for granted. He does not think of talking about what he feels, and a woman will sometimes pine for an outward utterance of love that seldom comes. If she is wise she will content herself with the reality and leave the utterance for rare moments, all the sweeter perhaps for their rarity. She will be wise also if she does not expect the man to share all her rapid conclusions and hasty opinions, her intuitions, often right but sometimes wrong; she will be wise not to expect him to share every unreasoning antipathy, every sudden and apparently causeless dislike, and her persistence in judging character from looks. The man moves slower in these ways, as a rule; he is not so hasty in forming first impressions and not quite so positive that those impressions are correct.

Any mutual knowledge that a man or a woman gains of the other should be turned to the highest uses. A man should not exploit woman's tenderness and

devotion and frequent unselfishness; a woman should not exploit man as an easy dupe, comfortably fooled and deluded. What is best in both should be sought for and learned with reverence, with an eagerness to give as well as receive, to surrender as well as to hold. Their relations should be for mutual enrichment, this being a matter in which one person's gain is not another's loss.

CHAPTER III

THE COMING OF LOVE

A TIME comes—does it come to every man and woman?—when we find ourselves thinking more of one person than of any others.

There are many other persons quite as charming, more beautiful it may be, more gifted, but they do not seem to matter; at least, they do not matter in the same way. We like them, we appreciate them, we rely upon them for their worth and fidelity, but we meet them without any thrill of excitement, we part from them with unquickened pulse. With the one person it becomes different. It seems to us that everybody must notice the distinction between this one and all the others; but the world does not appear to see it, and that sets us thinking.

Other persons may be more popular in society than this one, more run after, more highly regarded. If at first we resent this apparent indifference, presently we become rather pleased with it. For it dawns upon us that there is some special link between this one and

ourselves. We begin to realize that we have something of our very own, something that we share with no one else, in our care for this one. It becomes in a sense sacred, a restful thought on which the mind can repose after hours of worry, something to dream of the last thing at night, and to rise with in the morning. It is an oasis of shade from the heat of the day, a "fountain sealed" of which we alone possess the key.

When a day passes without our meeting this one, something seems lacking, the day has been empty. It becomes a red letter day when we meet. Presently we find that the meetings are becoming by no means casual, at least on our side; we plot them and feel ourselves growing artful. When we go into a room full of friends we look eagerly though perhaps covertly for the one; if he or she is not there the room becomes suddenly empty, a chill of disappointment strikes us; we become at once moody and distrait, and unless we are very good actors we show it. Conversation is an effort; our answers are not to the point; we hear half a remark, and lose the other half in a state of wonder where the one can be.

But if the one suddenly comes into the room, how immediate is the change! We awake at once, and

thrill with living interest to the finger tips. We may not turn at once to face the newcomer, but our every breath is susceptible to the new influence. We become animated and take an interest in what is going on—for the sake of this one. If our companions were watching us keenly they would notice a transfiguration; but they are generally too much absorbed in their own concerns to be keen observers. Persons move about so wrapped in their own egotisms that these symptoms often pass unnoticed; yet we may feel sensitively that we are publishing our secret; that our looks tell it; that there is a break or tone of subdued emotion in the voice that speaks it.

Perhaps we do not greatly care whether the others notice or not; we want to get in touch, by a look, by a word, with the one who alone matters. There are just two real living personalities in the room, ourself and this other; all the rest are shadows. If the touch of communion is somehow attained, if there is a glance of understanding, if we know that the other is feeling our presence as we feel his or hers, it seems that we have reached a summit, a peak of life's experience. There is probably no greater happiness than this kind of spiritual possession that love gives us, this con-

sciousness of a secret understanding, of a meaning that underlies the common words of conversation.

It may be that we pay more obvious attention to some one else; that we talk freely and excitedly to some one else; but all the time we are conscious of only one presence. While our words are addressed to others our looks follow the one; our ears listen for the one rather than to those who are conversing with us. And our hearts, perhaps, are lit with a glow of contentment and peace. People sometimes ask, "What is love?" It is this.

But love does not always mean contentment and peace; it may mean unrest and pain. There may be the fierce pang of jealousy, stabbing the heart, with which no other bitterness can compare. The communion may be incomplete, the one may not respond; the tide of love may be rolled back upon the heart, overwhelming it in sorrow and unappeasable longing. Love may be a strong devouring fire, heat without light, dark heat, deprived of the beauty of flame. The very part of love that is most often glorified by poets and romancers, especially in days of lawless luxurious self-seeking, is its defect; its earthly quality, its distortion and weakness. It may be true that no deep love

can be unimpassioned, but woe to that love in which passion is predominant.

The love that longs for personal possession is one thing; but love should long for spiritual possession also, and this is its more sacred desire. To be at one with the person loved, to understand with a word or a look, to rest on the thought of that other in all times of difficulty or trouble, to seek that thought as the shadow of a great rock in a thirsty land—this is love in its highest significance, an abiding consolation of peace, a song for hours of silence, a garden inclosed in which the soul can walk.

The sorrow that comes from absence, from loss, from death itself, is as nothing compared with the comfortless distresses of overpowering passion, its fevered delirium, the inability of permanently satisfying it, the dry ashes to which it sometimes burns. Love should be a blessed consoler, and not a destroyer of mind and body. For the sake of love all things should have become more beautiful, all things more significant, till life is a continual sacrament; its sorrow, its loss, do not leave merely an aching emptiness but a sense that we have given ourselves in the one giving that is great gain, and something remains that

can never be taken away. The grief that true love may bring does not leave us bitter; it renders us more gentle to every living being. But passion alone is the mother of hatred and despair.

Religion tells us to love everybody, and here again we have a new aspect of love, a new definition; for the love that is given in this fashion cannot be the deep individual preference, the reaching out of spirit to spirit; the supreme attraction and oneness which possess us in our individual loves. Charity, tenderness, tolerance, pity, can and should be given to all; but these are only a part of the more intimate emotion that we call love. To hate none may be possible; only in a very limited sense is it possible to love all, only in a limited sense can it be desirable. But unless we have the deeper emotion toward one or more than one, our lives have somehow failed, we have missed the best educative force, our eyes have never been quite opened. We cannot know or love God until we have loved some human being.

CHAPTER IV

THE BEGINNINGS

IN JUDGING the character of those that we meet we ought not to be greatly influenced by first appearances. The best things are not always the best advertised. It is not possible to know the best people at a glance, or to appraise their value justly after an hour's intercourse. It may be said in this connection, as in so many others, that that which is cheap in cost is generally cheap in quality; the things that are given easily or for nothing are not often worth having. Impressions, though they influence us very powerfully, are dangerous, and may prove utterly misleading.

Perhaps this warning is not much needed by persons of mature years; they have learned their lessons already, or should have learned them; they distrust first appearances and are careful to wait for the manifestation of character that will stand a long test. But the impulse of the young is toward leaping to conclusions; they are seized generously by an admiration for

that which is bright and attractive, and may easily be deceived by that which is tawdry. Perhaps this is the special danger with young men and young women at the age when they begin to think of love and marriage.

It may be said that love is never a matter of choice at all—that it comes unsought, like the wind that "blows as it listeth," and therefore to counsel caution is simply a waste of words. There is a great deal of truth in this, but it is not the whole truth—it does not apply exclusively. Love is not always a full growth at first sight. Young men and women often associate together freely for some time before making their final selection, and very often they do so with a considerable amount of uncertainty as to their real sentiments. They may know that they like each other before they become sure that they love each other.

We all know the romantic aspect of sudden passion —the feelings carried away beyond all thought of prudence, all care for consequences, staking all and fearing nothing; imagining that a year, a month or a day of capture, of delirious possession, is better than a lifetime of sober affection. But the day or month or year of intense passion will pass; the lifetime will

remain, to be filled with happy content or endless regret. Novelists and poets of passion are not the best guides to enduring happiness.

A young man may be fascinated by a girl's beautiful face, her luring eyes and tempting lips; he will dream that nothing else in life is worth winning but this—this is the one thing to be sought and gained, after which "the deluge." It seems cold-blooded to speak of any "afterward" to a young man in love. But if it be possible to insure the well-being of the years that come after, as well as the rapture of the immediate moment, is not that a great thing? Is it not well that the love should be bestowed where it may endure, that the passion be poured forth to a worthy object, that the joy of the present be not marred or destroyed by the reality killing the imagination?

A man may not actually go about with deliberate choice, selecting whom he will love; such choice would, indeed, be too calculating, too cautious, too artificial, to be deserving of the name of love at all. But the man may be wise; he may go where it is wise to go, look where it is well to look, open his heart where there is likelihood of true enrichment. There are many

things of which he may beware. He may avoid the girl who makes herself too cheap; whose kisses and smiles are too easily won; the girl who seems too quickly affectionate, who bestows her ardor and her caresses upon any attractive young man who seeks for them. It is easy to hear of such things and to shun them.

There is nothing more beautiful than the reserve, the hesitancy and timidity of true love in the heart of a pure woman. This is the love that is worth winning, not to be snatched quickly. The girl of high and stainless thought may love long before she reveals her love; he who knows at last that he has won it has gained one of the supremest things that life has to offer.

The girl who is thrown among men and who in some sense has to make her choice must be careful also. It is a perilous fact that the most charming men are not always the best. Many men of fast habits have a positive fascination of manner, by which the purest girl may be deceived. A man may know another fairly well almost at sight, but there is a barrier between the sexes that prevents such rapid knowledge. How

can a young girl know that the man who attracts and almost magnetizes her by his charm of person is really worthless or weak or designing or callous?

If words of caution may possibly be listened to, is it not the time to utter them before the girl is hopelessly ensnared? Many a girl would do well if she consulted an older woman, or even a wise male friend, before intrusting her life to a man whom she knows insufficiently.

To the young man, to the young woman, there can be only one wise counsel; it is a counsel of prudence.

Shall all the coming years be empty in order that a month or two may be deliciously filled? Shall there be no provision for the time that is to come; no care that future years shall bring an enriching instead of a dreary loss? Something more is at stake than a lover's first kiss.

CHAPTER V

LOVE OR PASSION

MANY persons have been misled by the glare and heat of passion into imagining that passion is love. No greater mistake can be made.

Passion is not love, though it is a possible constituent of love. Love is something more comprehensive and more enduring—certainly also more rare. There are days, weeks, perhaps months, of passion in many lives—periods that may be very powerful in molding men's futures, in making or marring their happiness; but passion is of the nature of an episode, a mood. Love should be a feature of abiding character.

Language always fails to express the fine shades of difference that may exist in love. We use the one word to express many different things. We use it for the affection of a parent as we do for that of a lover. We use it for the tie that unites members of a family and for the bond between two friends. We use it also, far too often, for a passion that burns and goads and flames until it expires, leaving dull ashes.

Such passion, dominant, imperative, insistent, has been glorified by irresponsible poet and romancer until many are led to suppose that it constitutes the whole of life. Yet we should all know that it by no means constitutes even an enduring element of existence. There may be few lives that pass without knowing its flame, but there are many that never pass beyond it to the noble permanence of that utter sympathy and affection to which we may truly and without limitation give the name of love.

The results of passion are before us every day and the sad issues of its extinguishment. We see very frequently the supposed love die into indifference or positive antipathy; we see the flame dwindle into something far less beautiful than the "light of common day." Passion is a rightful element in the love between man and woman, but if it is the whole of such love the end can only be disaster. There must be something more, even to provide for the commonplace and conventional satisfaction that some persons are quite content to find in matrimony. Even for this there must be a genuine liking, a real, though possibly not ardent, affection, to enable man and woman to live

together with any measure of comfort; but the passion that has nothing behind it can leave nothing but lasting discontent, misery and even repulsion.

Those who are about to enter on marriage should be very sure that their impulse is not merely of a transient nature; they should allow nothing less than love to justify them in entering on so permanent a connection. There are exceptional cases where a mild affection, a gentle liking and the certainty of mutual benefits may justify what are termed marriages of convenience in years when passion is no longer a compelling force. The circumstances under which marriages of this sort are justifiable should be studied with extreme care. An unjustifiable "marriage of convenience" may lead to the keenest unhappiness.

Elderly persons may come together for companionship and may be content simply to find the comfort that such companionship will bring; but this is not the ideal of marriage as we contemplate it in our younger years. In those years we can have small sympathy for a connection in which love has not entered. Yet such a connection, undertaken in days when the pair have lost their illusions and are willing to take with

open eyes what they may know to be only second-best, is, nevertheless, far better than a union impelled solely by passion and its result is likely to be far happier.

It would be deplorable, however, to apply this rule too broadly in the promotion of mere businesslike marriages devoid of sentiment, prompted solely by a desire for a home and a "provider."

Perhaps it is a counsel of perfection to urge that every marriage should be the crowning of the highest type of love. There are many who must be content with something less and who must take their chances.

Passion actually may come to all, or to very nearly all; love is more rare in its visitations. Not the love of parent for child or of child for parent—this love is common enough, happily, and, like many common things, is very beautiful. Such love, on the parent's side, may even compensate for the chilled relationship of husband and wife. Nothing is stronger in its patient force, nothing more enduring and unselfish and self-sacrificing, than this love which a mother or a father feels for his boys and his girls; but those who say that a parent's love is the only true love in the world are simply comparing it with passion, forgetful or ignoring that there may be other equally enduring

and unselfish love between those who are not bound by ties of birth.

It may be that this other love, as tender, as lasting, as self-sacrificing as that of a father or a mother, is so rare that some decline to believe its existence; yet it does exist, and exists to consecrate lives with the noblest purpose and meaning. For it is a love that enriches in every sense—it broadens and deepens, it has not the narrowness and selfishness of passion; it sends out rays of light for all, and can spare some of its sweet virtue to bless all with whom it comes in contact.

CHAPTER VI

HOW PEOPLE LOVE

AS THERE is endless variety in the amount of affection different persons are capable of feeling, so is there infinite variety in the degree and manner of its manifestation. It is not alone idle to expect the same quality of love from every one; it is equally idle to expect the same demonstration. Take two persons and assume that their capability of loving is equal; their mode of revealing that affection may yet be utterly unlike. There are demonstrative natures and there are undemonstrative; there are natures that show all they feel and others that show very much less.

It needs very careful discrimination to judge the utterances and expressions of affection. It is so easy to be mistaken. There are two kinds of judgment that may be given, and most persons fly to one or the other of these without enough care and forethought. The one extreme decides that persons whose manner is undemonstrative have little affection, are cold and unfeeling; the other extreme decides that all demon-

strative people are superficial. Of the two extremes it is possible that the latter is nearest to the truth, but it is by no means safe to form our judgments on any inflexible rule. Demonstrative affection does not always spring from shallowness; undemonstrative manner does not always spring from depth. We must appraise both more guardedly.

Before we estimate the degree of affection that a person feels by the amount that he shows, we must know something of the character of that person. He may display little and feel much; he may display much and feel little. This is not a question of acting and insincerity; it is a question of innate and characteristic divergence. Assuming that a man or a woman wishes to deceive us by an ostentation of feeling, it can generally be done; all our rules and guiding principles can be made to look silly by a clever actor. We must leave falseness and conscious affectation out of the question; none of us is altogether proof against deception of this nature.

Besides, it is almost as difficult to understand people when they are sincere as when they are insincere. The first clear detection of insincerity sets us free, as it were; we have done; we cease even the effort to under-

stand. Affectation cannot often deceive for long, but sincerity may deceive for a lifetime. A person of deep and warm feeling may go through life with the reputation of being cold, and may pass misjudged to the grave. The secret writing has never been made visible by the sympathetic sunlight of love; the message has passed into silence unuttered and unguessed. This is the tragedy of some lives; they have never met the responsive personality, the touch that could unseal the fountain of their hearts, the key that could unlock the door of their holy places.

But when natures like this do happily meet the responsive touch, when the master key is applied, there will be one who knows them as they are. The world may still think them cold; that does not trouble them, for the one who matters knows better. Between those who love truly there will not always be much demonstrativeness, and certainly not in public. Though it must not be assumed that those who display their affection openly really feel little, yet there is something in the deepest love that shrinks from publicity.

The two who meet in public with almost the coldness of strangers may not be deceiving wise observers, and certainly need not be deceiving each other. They

do not need to display what is really the deepest reality of their lives; it is the very breath that they breathe, and its manifestation is sufficiently obvious to themselves. Their two hearts, being in perfect accord, need no outward conveyance of demonstration; it is like the telegraphy that sends its messages without the use of wires. Wires are the external communication, the spoken word, the touch; spirits in union have the complete correspondence of the unseen, the unheard.

Yet we must deal gently with natures that need the outward to express themselves. They may be demonstrative and still sincere. Their emotion brims over where another's is silently contained; their affection is constantly dealing with visible signs and symbols. They tell you that they love you instead of being content that you should feel it; they overflow with caresses, tender words and gestures. They run the risk of our thinking them shallow, for it is indeed true that a shallow vessel will be quickly filled to the brim and bubble over, while a vessel of far greater capacity will hold its contents unspilled. One person may love another to the utmost extent of his capability, yet that capability may be less than the other's. Shall the other therefore be discontented and aggrieved?

An undemonstrative man or woman may be utterly cold and unloving; this is usually the popular verdict, and is not always wrong. Yet such a man or woman may have unguessed capacities of loving far beyond what any demonstration could manifest. Some of us always prefer to seek this grand reticence, this eloquent silence, this dignity of restraint, richness of reserve, depth of resource. We long to discover the riches that are hidden from the common eye, to thread our way through the outward perplexing maze to the inner sanctuary; we want to meet our love among the shadows of sweet seclusion, not in the beaten paths of the obvious. But there are others whose claims are as just who feel differently. They desire the outward expression, they want to see and hear and touch. Concealment and reserve have no charms for them; they want to be assured that they are loved.

Their wishes are quite justifiable; we need not stay to debate with them or speak sarcastically to them, or call them unkind names of any sort. Because their ideas are not as ours, it does not follow that they are wrong. Let them be true to themselves and their own natures. Let them seek that to which they can readily respond.

We may not be able to gauge the depth of the other person's love; we can be sure of our own. There is a danger that we may not be loved truly; more intimate and immediate is the danger that we ourselves do not love truly. It is a great thing to be loved; is it not a greater to love?

CHAPTER VII

LOVE HUNGER

THERE is no hunger like the hunger for love, so imperative in its demand and sometimes so difficult to satisfy. Many come to the banquet of life with this hunger and have the cold comfort of seeing others feed; for themselves, they are sent empty away.

It may be said that to love is better than to be loved, and this is true, just as it is more blessed to give than to receive. But the love that is content with loving without return must be of a very noble quality; it must be purged from all taint of self, must be utterly pure and disinterested—which is almost as much as to say that it must be superhuman. There is love, certainly, that will take far less than it gives; that will thrive on very little while it gives very much; and such love will indeed be blest in its giving, in the joy of its surrender, the sense of its own most tender sacrifice. There is also sometimes the happy delusion by which persons imagine themselves to be more cared for than they really are, a delusion to which all are liable and

which gives so much pleasure that we need not seek too critically to dissipate it.

But there are those who labor under no such mistake, who cannot delude themselves into fancying that they are beloved; they have none of the ignorances that may be blissful, but have to face truth in its bare reality. They know that they are not loved, they know that they hunger constantly for an affection that they never win. It is very hard to live cheerfully and usefully, confronted by this pitiless fact; it is very difficult not to become bitter and narrow and hopeless.

There are, of course, cases that may be called abnormal, in which nature prevents the possibility of being loved. There are deformities and disfigurements, from which all beholders involuntarily shrink; there are persons of hideous aspect, shape or ailment, whose hearts are yet like those of their more fortunate fellow beings, craving and hungering.

These are the rare exceptions, to be left to such spiritual comfort as they may possibly find; we can think of them only with the utmost sorrow and tenderness. But there are many whose cases are not so extreme as this, who yet fail to gain the love for which they hunger.

It must not for a moment be said that all love is physical, and that only the beautiful can hope to win it; this would be a falsity and a base slander on human nature. Beauty arouses the passion that is often mistaken for love, at times it arouses love itself; but there may be the tenderest love without the attraction of great personal charm. Still, there are those whose personality is frankly unlovable, while their hearts are craving.

Secretly and dumbly, they pass through life hungering for love. The dumbness, the secrecy, cause the pain. If they can find some outlet, some mode of utterance, they will be happier; and it is here that the value of art, music, literature, may come in. For these things are always, or should be always, a means of utterance; in some sense we utter ourselves even in reading a beautiful book, where another is voicing our deepest feelings; or in hearing music, where again another is speaking for us; or in seeing pictures that in a still different manner embody our dreamings. These things are outlets, carrying off much of the world's unspoken sorrow. Even where there is love, there is still unrest and craving from which in some measure these things are channels of escape. Hence

their inestimable value, because they in part express that which would otherwise be smothered and unrelieved. Any labor faithfully pursued may do the same in some degree, but the degree must be less, because music, art, literature, are ministrants of the spirit, and it is matters of the spirit that chiefly crave response or utterance.

We may not always be able to find those who will love us as we desire to be loved, but we can always find those whom we can help. If only as a means of taking our thoughts away from ourselves, helping others is a real consolation. It is just this that we need; if we brood on our own condition, our own lack and craving and loneliness, we become doubly lonely, doubly sad, doubly lacking. The eye of introspection almost always magnifies; at least, it usually magnifies the things that we have to do without.

The bitterness of grief, the aching of hunger, are chiefly for the minds that are unoccupied; the mischief that is found for idle hands is as nothing compared with the mischief that comes to idle minds. Very often there is no salvation for us unless we can manage to think of others in a spirit of at least partial unselfishness. To win a return of love is a very beau-

tiful thing, and we crave it with intense emotion; but there is another hunger of which we are not so fully conscious, which also craves to be satisfied, and whose satisfaction is always possible. There is the hunger of doing good. Who knows what blessedness of reward may come, if we go into this without thought of gaining anything?

We want to be delivered from ourselves; it is self that is tormenting us, when we suffer from the love hunger. Very much of the joy of love may come to us, though we do not meet with any definite response. There are great riches of tender regard and gratefulness that we may gain, though we may never become supreme in the affection of any single person; many may turn to us and bless us, and miss us when we are absent and grieve when we die.

From our personal point of view it is not the best, perhaps; it is not what we have longed for and dreamed of; it lacks the romantic glamour of passion. But who shall say that it is not even better, in the schooling of our spirits? Who shall say that it may not fit us for something greater in the beyond? Our hearts are being tutored with much suffering; some of that suffering we can soften, some of it we can turn to lasting

gain. To be worthy of love is better than to win it easily, and in our hearts we can heap riches that must some day bear fruit for others—most unquestionably therefore for ourselves.

CHAPTER VIII

LOVING THE UNREAL

SOMETIMES it is said that a man never marries his first love, that there has always been a Rosalind before the coming of Juliet. But we know this is not always so. There are cases when a first love endures and so becomes the last as well as the first. There are perhaps more cases when the first seems so real that a union is sought and found, and then may come this awakening to the fact that a phantom has been loved, not a reality. There may actually arise two emotions in the heart—a certain fondness for the real person, together with the back-lying ideal love that has not been gratified. But there may be something worse than this; there may be indifference or even an actual dislike of the living person, utterly at variance with the love that had been conceived and never brought to fruition.

Life is manifold, character is manifold. There are all sorts and conditions of men and women. There are some—perhaps we may call them happy—who go on

loving the phantom in connection with the person of flesh and blood. There is illusion, but it is never discovered. The person beloved has not in any degree the imagined perfection, is really something quite other than the cherished ideal; yet the dreamer never awakes, no chill light of common day steals upon the "dim religious light" of the lover's imagination, no harsh touch of reality tears the tender drapings from the inner shrine. Of a truth it is better to love the phantom than to love nothing, for the phantom may be a shadow thrown by the divine.

But when the disillusion comes, then, indeed, there is or there may be tragedy. When the one who loves is too open-eyed to be long deceived, too clever to be long misled, there is danger that the poor imitation will be spurned, that the revolt will be utter, that the brief love will become an intense loathing. More often perhaps it only fades into indifference. The shrine is discovered to be empty, and something else is sought to fill it. With a man it may really be something else, not some one else. A man who has been disappointed in his affections will turn to his work, his ambitions, to the making of money or of reputation; these things in a measure will satisfy him and fill the vacant place.

But a woman will be more likely to turn to another person rather than to another pursuit.

It is true generally with women that the inner affections are of greater importance than the outward objects and aims. But there is another quality with woman that sometimes saves her from tragedy. She is more prone to love a damaged idol than man is. She will often cling to the man after she has discovered much unworthiness in him. Either she continues to delude herself, knowing that she is deluded, or her love is really so strong that it finds enough nourishment in a very poor pasture. Perhaps, except in early girlhood, she has never idealized so profoundly as a man may; perhaps she has never claimed or expected perfection, and thus has not been so dismally disappointed. Sometimes it seems that woman's love is more clear sighted than that of a man, that it does not so fear the shock of realities, being more an actual passion than an imagination.

We all know women who persist in loving the unworthy. Perhaps we are misjudging them; perhaps they have really found worthiness where we can see none; perhaps their love is more like that of a mother, which endures in spite of faults and wrongdoing and

even ingratitude. A wife often loves her husband very much as a mother loves her child, seeing the failures, the shortcomings, the blots, yet taking them with tender patience as a part of the individuality that is loved. In such a case she has never been loving a phantom, but always a reality; the reality may seem to us full of flaws, but that is not our concern. It is hers; she has made her choice. No disillusion can come to her, because she has never been deluded.

This is the case sometimes; not always. There are women as well as men who have been rudely awakened from a vision of love, who have made the dire discovery that their devotion has been given to a fiction. According to the height of the ideal, so great is the fall to the realization. Love has been blinded, and now the bandages are removed. It is the severest test that life can bring us. It may bring bitterness and denial of all good; it may bring a wild longing to escape, anywhere, to any one, rather than remain tied to what seems like the corpse of a dead love. There are natures that will not endure such an existence; they long for relief from it as a suffocating person craves air.

Is it possible to suggest any counsel or comfort to

those who have thus awakened? Cases differ so widely that what might be urged in one connection would be absurd or even criminal in another. But it is always safe to advise steadfast courage, an unflinching facing of facts; it is always safe to say that the best or the worst may be made of any condition whatever. Sometimes the best may be a patient endurance, a submission to the actual rather than a rushing to any possible escape. We must not always dream of finding happiness by flying from what is unhappy; there is a danger that we may only fly from one misery to another, and that the second state shall be worse than the first.

Sometimes, of course, it is clear that two persons cannot stay together to their mutual well being, and it is always clear that one need not stay with another to be cruelly misused, misunderstood, tormented. But at times, though love has failed, there is still room for a lingering attachment and for an active sense of duty. Only in extremity should those separate who have come together to help and serve and care for each other; it is rare that there need be a confession of utter failure in these purposes. However foolish

it may seem to love a phantom, it is always noble to serve a reality.

The ideal may rightly play a great part in our lives, but it should be an ideal that in some measure is practicable—it should lead to action, to doing, and not end in visions. If the image of idealized love has disappeared from our shrine, we may replace it with something real, though it be only a cold stone statue of duty. Perhaps we may some day find that the stone has been endowed with life and sheds from its recess a beautifying light. Perhaps we shall find, after all, that duty is but another manifestation of the divine love.

CHAPTER IX

THE MOTIVES OF MARRIAGE

IT HAS been asked whether the attraction of great talent, of personal gifts, is ever a sufficient excuse for marriage. That two persons are sometimes drawn to each other by such means cannot be denied, but it cannot be asserted too emphatically that marriage due to this reason alone is a very grave peril.

The truths that are most trite and obvious often need most frequent reiteration, because it is usually the simplest facts that are most easily overlooked; and one truth that ought to be obvious to all is that affection should be the sole motive of marrying. Many other causes often operate—which is only another mode of saying that many marriages turn out unhappily.

Probably the most frequent attraction is beauty, personal charm. Another is wealth. Another is rank or position. Another undoubtedly may be the possession of great talent or ability. Even in cases of genuine love none of these other attractions need be absent;

none is harmful in itself. Each becomes harmful only when it is the sole motive.

It is manifest that the person who marries for personal beauty alone may soon find that beauty of person is not necessarily accompanied by beauty of character; that it may be accompanied by complete incongruity; that it soon fades and may leave nothing but distaste or aversion behind. In a similar degree, a desire for wealth may not always be ignoble, for wealth has many great uses, but that desire as the only motive of marriage is the basest of all and deserves the fate that it will almost certainly meet. So with the desire of high position; it may not be quite so base as mere avarice, but alone it cannot lead to happy union.

The best of these extraneous attractions is certainly talent, excellence of acquirement and performance, great gift or genius in any department. But such things alone cannot be a valid reason for attaching one's life to that of another person in a union that is, or should be, permanent. For in the last resort it will invariably be found that we do not love a person for his gifts, his talent, even for his genius; we admire these things, we are strongly drawn by them—we do not love them. What we love is the personality, the

character, the blend of body and spirit that has a special charm for us. Such love as this can survive the fading of the body's beauty, the loss of wealth, even the decay of intellect; and such love alone can ever be a worthy prompting to that lifelong communion which is the ideal of true marriage. The other things can lead only to temporary attachments.

We may love a person who is not clever; we never love a person simply because he is clever. There must be some other attraction; talent alone is not enough. It is madness to marry any one merely because he or she paints beautifully, sings beautifully, writes beautifully; the important question to be asked is, Does he or she live beautifully?

It is the life that counts; other things are mere accessories.

Our future happiness in living with another will not depend on literary or artistic or scientific gifts; it will depend on character and congeniality and sympathy. Of course, it is unwise to marry a person who is obviously foolish or ignorant; to do so, even with love, may easily lead to disagreement, falling apart, ultimate failure; but it is defensible to wed one who is singularly ungifted if we feel that we love that per-

son in spite of all shortcomings. Love can afford to take these risks; but to marry without love, from any other motive whatever, is to embark on a dangerous sea in a vessel that is courting shipwreck.

Perhaps to all this it may be added that persons of great gifts are not often the easiest to get on with, even when we love them. Great talent has the defect of its qualities; it is often irritable, morbid, exacting, self-involved. True love can prevail over these things; what is to prevail if there is no love? An intense admiration of genius has sometimes led persons to marry, only to discover that admiration alone becomes a cold and unsatisfying companion; the heart may be starved while the intellect is gratified. Biography can tell us of such cases; perhaps our own observation can tell us of others.

Admiration and reverence for a man or a woman's gifts may rightly enter into the communion; but they can never be enough of themselves to fill the heart. It is difficult to love truly without respect; but respect may be poles asunder from affection. We are forced to admit that people seldom make this error consciously —a woman seldom marries a man, or a man a woman, merely from admiration of mental qualities; but such

admiration may easily lead to the mistake, to the unconscious committal—it may deceive and bring a rude awakening.

When such a mistake has been committed there is only one proper thing to do—to make the best of it. There is always a best to be made. If ideal love has not been achieved let us do what we can with something that is second-best; mutual respect may in time bring mutual affection. It certainly need not bring aversion and misery. But to those who are tempted to form such a union nothing but dissuasion should be used. Do not risk it.

Marriage should be a kind of glorified friendship. Even love may be deceived and awaken to a bitter disillusion. How much greater the peril when there is no love!

CHAPTER X

IDEALS OF MARRIAGE

THOUGH marriages are not always ideal in their results, there is usually a certain amount of ideality about them. That is to say, a man or a woman usually weds an ideal rather than an actual person. As time passes the ideal dwindles to less and less, the actual becomes more and more insistent; if there is not disappointment there is at least change in the conception. A majority of the marriages that fail owe their failure to the impossibility or the fallacy of the ideal on which they were based; they have not fulfilled their promise because that promise was incapable of fulfilment.

Ideality in marriage is not necessarily a bad thing, but a union prompted solely by an ideal is almost certain to end in disaster. It is hardly possible to love passionately without some idealism in our passion; but it is equally difficult to love enduringly if idealism is the greater part of our love. The danger lies in carrying the ideal beyond common sense. The fact that

a certain person appeals to us more strongly, attracts us more inevitably, than any other person we have met, is no reason why we should expect that person to be perfect. It gives us no right to expect superhuman virtues. There is a manifest absurdity in endowing a person with gifts from our own fancy and then expecting those qualities in reality. This is what so many do and court disappointment in doing it.

That which we worship at a distance may safely be credited with surpassing qualities, but when we come to live with the object of our worship—when it has to endure the wear and tear of daily companionship, the test of nearness, the strain of numberless little cares and worries shared in common, it is then that the ideal passes and the actual is realized. The idol may still remain on its pedestal, the image may abide within its shrine; but such a continuance is not probable.

The probability is that the visionary light will fade into the light of common day. The dream has gone and the vanishing of a mythical ideal leaves an ordinary human being. That human being may still be worthy of the fondest love, but it is now a creature of flesh and blood that we are loving, not a vaporous figure of mist and moonshine. Ideals are good things

for our daydreams, but they are somewhat hollow things to wed; we live in a real world, often very stern in its reality, and our true companions, our helpers and enduring friends, must be realities like ourselves.

When a person marries a mere ideal, that ideal usually begins to fade as soon as passion begins to cool. In too many cases the death of passion is the death of love. This is the great testing time of love; it is easy to be faithful and devoted during courtship and the early months of marriage. The trial comes when the new becomes the familiar. There is a keen zest in pursuing an object—very often the chief joy is in the pursuit and the winning. This fact, so useful to us in stimulating to renewed effort after gaining our first object, is a terrible danger when its ruthless law applies to marriage as to other conditions. In other spheres it is good for us to go on striving, always dissatisfied, always hoping to attain something better, but how does this apply to marriage? It may, indeed, have its rightful significance even there, leading us to seek an even closer and nobler union with the beloved one; but this is not the manner in which it too often works. Too often there is the danger that reali-

zation brings satiety, the winning brings a temporary gladness, followed by a relapse into discontent. The ideal that had been followed seems to be gained, but the gratification of desire proves its own undoing, and the vanished ideal gives place to a reality that is anything but idealistic.

This is undoubtedly the great peril of marriage. In one sense its gain is final; it does not lead to further quest; it does not stimulate continual effort. The gaining of its object is so easily mistaken to mean the end of its romance. If we look at it more wisely, we see that the marriage service is simply a beginning; there is a whole lifetime remaining for pursuit of its true ends and purposes. There is plenty of room for a high and permanent ideal, but this must now attach largely to the life of the spirit; the ideal that in part has been material, passionate, soon dies. The ideal that can survive this death has its finest development still before it, going forward, an earnest and type of the immortal.

Trying to avoid the perils of a too ideal marriage, is it wise to mate with a person who falls below our conception of what a marriage should be? Shall we marry with our eyes too wide open—marry in cold

blood, as it were, trusting that sufficient warmth may come later? Or shall we wed one whose faults we see plainly, thinking it better to see faultiness than to dream imaginary perfection? There is a danger here also. There may be a love that sees the blemishes in its object, and still loves; such love is perhaps the best, the most likely to endure. Or such love may be an infatuation, fascinated by its object, unable to resist, yet knowing all the time that what it loves is not worthy. Some persons have the fatal gift of exercising such an attraction. But there may be deep, tender love, like that of a parent, which embraces the whole personality, faults and all; not loving the faults, but forgiving them.

Such may be the development of love in marriage; such may even be the attitude in courtship. But it can never be wise to marry one who falls below our just and proper ideal. There is a possibility that good features would become more prominent after union, but there is the contrary possibility that the defects might become more obvious and insistent. Who can insure that his love will be sufficient?

In other things, we are able to give or take the benefit of the doubt; in marriage this is hardly wise.

In true love there is no doubt at all, just as there is no fear. And in this matter of ideals one fact always remains—we can always live more or less nearly to our own ideal, however others may fail. In so doing, we are best helping others to do their share.

CHAPTER XI

IS MARRIAGE A LOTTERY

IS MARRIAGE really a lottery? To the man or to the woman who thinks so, no doubt it is. The frame of mind that regards it as a gamble is the frame of mind that turns it into a gamble. The man who embarks on a speculation knows what he is doing; he sees the risk and we may assume that he is able to meet the possible loss. If he is not he is certainly a fool and perhaps a criminal. But if a man enters upon marriage as a speculation he is risking more than he can afford to pay. He is confessing that he does not really understand the character of the woman he marries; he has no idea how the connection may turn out; he is bringing a speculative commercial spirit to a contract that should be undertaken in a far different mood.

It seems unkind to say that he deserves to lose; we can hardly say that he deserves to win. He is wronging both himself and the woman if he can consider the marriage in any sense as a gamble. He must, of

course, leave some margin for the operation of the unknown, of the unforeseen. He must confess that the uncertainty attendant on all our undertakings is also attendant on this of marriage. But this is by no means the aspect of the affair that is uppermost; at least, it cannot be uppermost in marriages that are rightly prompted.

The man who marries with right purpose, with sufficient assurance, has no doubt in his mind at all; he is disturbed by none of the waverings of the gambler. He is sure that he is doing the right thing; his heart has an undivided earnestness in the matter. If any one tells him that marriage is a lottery, he will retort "Not for me." His own case will seem to him the one exception or the one among few. He may willingly admit that other men's marriages are often mere gambles, but he will admit nothing of the sort about his own. He loves, therefore he has no doubt and no fear. Does not this really meet the case entirely—a sufficient love that never hesitates or questions?

When man or woman begins to hesitate or question in this matter, it is better to draw back. As a lottery, marriage is a very poor speculation; too much is risked. To those who love, it is not a speculation at

all; it is a passion, a sacrament. There may be an element of risk—perhaps there always is; but the risk does not appear to the two who are undertaking it, or the risk is entirely subordinate to the emotion that overwhelms it. Cannot the saying, "He who hesitates is lost" be applied to marriage? For hesitation is the spirit that courts failure, and too great a prudence should have no part in love.

It is for the outsider, the looker-on, to say that marriage is a lottery, not for those who are about to wed. If the man were to say to the woman, or the woman to the man, "I know that I run a grave risk in marrying you—you may prove to be a saint or you may be a devil, or at least you may prove utterly unsatisfactory," such words would be enough to break the engagement with any self-respecting person. They would reveal a serious imperfection of love. If the thing is not said but simply thought, the case is the same. True marriage should have nothing to do with hesitation and incertitude and the idea of risk.

The attitude of marriage should be that for these two persons there is no other course that can bring happiness, that the mandate of love has come to them in such a manner as not to be refused. Each can only

conceive of happiness in connection with the other; whatever sorrow may come after marriage can be nothing compared with the sorrow of separation. Those who marry in such a spirit are entering on no lottery; whatever chances may be run are not the consideration—perhaps not even the chance of joy. They may even recognize that life together will be hard and troublous in many ways; the one thing outweighing all is that they will be together. Wealth and prosperity apart have no allurement; suffering and toil together have no terror.

Years may possibly prove that they have been mistaken; the love in time may prove insufficient to the test. It happens sometimes that marriages rightly and nobly undertaken fail in some respect to fulfill the anticipated union. Cynical persons laugh and say the marriage was a lottery after all. It was not. Feeling as they did at the time, loving fervently, staying not to count costs, the two were right in coming together; there was no other course for them, even though the course has not run smoothly. For those who loved as they did, and could see only what they did, it was right to marry and trust.

It is admitted, then, that there is a risk, that there

is uncertainty? Yes; because this risk, this uncertainty, attach to all human concerns and are not to be evaded.

Some have imagined that having proved the attendant uncertainty, this might be diminished by limiting the enforced duration of marriage—by establishing a system of marriage on trial for a year, or two years, or ten years. But the dignity of marriage is its permanence. If it were ever to deteriorate to a series of temporary connections, the loss to social life would be irreparable and the gain to any single individual would be very slight. There might be an escape from extreme misery in certain instances, dearly bought by the destruction of the home, the abolition of the family, and the necessity that the state should undertake the sole charge of the children. If any person thinks marriage so much of a lottery that its risks can be met only by some scheme of this nature, that person is simply proving his or her unfitness for the married life.

Marriage will always be a lottery and nothing else, while people persist in directing their lives in wrong channels; living for self and pleasure can bring no other result. If they marry for its joys and ignore its responsibilities, if they seek merely its voluptuous

indulgences and have no care for its truer significance and opportunities, they are likely, indeed, to find that they have drawn blanks in the lottery, and that the gamble was a terribly costly one.

For ideal marriage there must be love, and love does not pause to ask whether it risks or not.

The love, if true, will be to a great extent unselfish, and thus one of the greatest pitfalls of marriage will be avoided. The man should ask not only "What will this union bring me?" but also "What will it bring to the woman?" If he is rightly in love, probably he will not stay to ask either question, but will go forward to his aim. To him, marriage will seem no lottery.

CHAPTER XII

MARRIAGE

WHEN the romance writer of former times had conducted his hero and heroine to the altar steps the curtain fell. Presumably, the wedding bells rang the knell of all further romantic possibilities. What lay beyond was an untrodden country. The promised land had been reached, but he who had conducted his characters to its border did not enter with them.

We might interpret this in two ways. We might suppose that the marriage state was pictured as perfect happiness; and descriptions of perfect happiness, such happiness as has no history, do not interest readers. Or we might imagine that the writer, knowing the tangled, thorny condition of wedlock, its dangers, or its monotony, thought it best to avoid a subject that was difficult and perilous.

But the triumph of realism changed all that. The novelist no longer shrinks from dealing with the married condition; he courts such a theme, and often be-

gins just where his predecessor left off. The wedding bells ring up the curtain. Husband and wife, and another man or another woman—these are the characters with which a novelist now loves to embark on his venturous voyage. The result has been good and bad; good when thoughtless young people were reminded that their real trial and testing come after marriage; bad when the tale became simply like a record of the proceedings of a divorce court.

In this world most things are of mingled complexion; it is difficult to unravel the good from the evil. Most young readers of today are sufficiently acquainted with married life as seen through the spectacles of the novel writer. But those spectacles have varied colorings.

On the whole, fiction will have done well if it has taught its readers that neither the romance nor the difficulties of life terminate with marriage. We may safely regard marriage as the closing of one chapter in our lives, but it is equally the beginning of another, and that other is of grave importance. There is never a really final stage in life until the end; every phase, every period, overlaps, and in a sense all are mutually dependent. The past journeys with us. But marriage

is unquestionably the most definite transition that can come to us—the greatest break with the past, the most obvious dawn of new conditions. However we approach it—and we usually approach it in a state of rapture—there are difficulties and dangers to which the rapture for a season blinds us. It must be assumed that we come to it equipped with love and tenderness; our equipment should also include a deep wisdom. Can such wisdom be possible to a majority of the young people who marry?

Is it not clear that usually they have everything to learn, and can work out their salvation only by experiment and experience, often painful? They can never learn from other people's lessons; the days of early love and courtship teach them little; passion is a flare whose light distorts rather than illumines. Is it a wonder that so many marriages end unhappily?

The primary and essential condition of marriage is that henceforward two persons live continually together. That alone is a very severe test. It may be anticipated as a paradise; the more glowing the expectation, the more danger there is that the realization will not satisfy. We are seldom fully satisfied when we realize that which we have eagerly expected.

There are cases, happily, in marriage when the real does not belie the hope, when love does not lose by the purging of its passion, but has been matured and strengthened by the years of experience. A very slight knowledge of life teaches us that this is not always so.

The two may find that they are congenial only in part, while even that part grows less and less; they may find there are many points at which they do not touch, or where they simply jar upon and vex each other. The waning of passion, on one side or both, may lead to real or apparent coldness; the husband more or less consciously emphasizes the fact that he is no longer the lover, or the wife does not exert her fascination as she did before marriage. Asperities of temper come into play—fretfulness, sulkiness, it may be selfishness; two persons have to be in very complete harmony for the constant companionship to be tolerable. Or if not in complete harmony, they must be willing to minimize the points at which they differ; they must be wise in forbearance, meeting each other half way, their love fulfilling so true a union that details of divergence are ignored.

If there is enough of love on both sides, the dangers are never insuperable; if there is not enough, the re-

sult, even if not actual disaster, will be failure and disappointment. Perhaps not many marriages end in definite catastrophe; those that attain merely a second-best or third-best condition are very numerous. There are more cases of such failure than the world sees; whatever we might be upon the stage, we are usually consummate actors in dealing with our fellows. The true condition of things is concealed, as it should be. There is nothing to be gained by publicity; and yet it is possible that the newly married might learn much to their lasting advantage if they could more clearly read between the lines of their friends' marriages.

The counsel that should be given applies to the period before marriages as well as to the years that follow. One of the great perils is in forming a wrong ideal, in expecting the wrong thing. We should have passed beyond the stage when young persons anticipate being "happy ever after" when once their union is sealed. Life is more of a piece than that; the old worries and trials may be exchanged, perhaps, for new ones, but worries and trials there will be to the end. Rightly shared, as in love they should be, they are a bond of union, not a dissevering influence. Without love they are fatal. No one must expect

perfection, either in the character of the person to be wedded or in the circumstances of wedded life.

We are simply men and women after marriage, as before; limited, faulty, liable to moods and tempers and depressions, but capable, also, with a little wisdom and patience, of living together in love that may be checkered, but should never be extinguished. Mere passion may die, but impassioned love not always, and calm love never.

CHAPTER XIII

AFTER MARRIAGE

WHEN a man is in love he generally likes to be mastered and dominated. He cannot surrender himself too utterly; the sense of giving himself is one of the great joys of love, and it is often delightful in proportion to the degree in which it raises the man from his ordinary level of selfish interests.

This is the woman's special time for complete supremacy. She may exercise her power wisely or unwisely, but it is undoubtedly hers. But she must not make the mistake of carrying this domination too aggressively into married life; if she does, she is likely to meet with disappointment, perhaps disaster. She has to remember that, though the man may continue to love after marriage, he does not remain a lover as in the days of courtship. The position has changed. The lover may expect and welcome domination; the husband, as a rule, does not.

It is possible that the woman during courtship goes a little away from her true nature. In reality, it is

the woman's nature to surrender, more than the man's; she finds her joy in it; she loves to be mastered entirely by her affection. But the ardor of the lover for a time reverses the positions; he thrusts himself into the attitude of the conquered, the controlled. It is a new experience for him, and for a while he revels in it. The very strength of the man will lead him to thoroughness in the gift of himself; he forces the woman into queenship, and he takes possession by his own insistent self-surrender. But he does not usually look forward; if he does, it is unlikely that he looks forward to a continuance of this condition.

Probably the present moment absorbs him entirely; sometimes he is cold-blooded enough to calculate on a change of positions after marriage. As a man once somewhat brutally put it, "you do not chase a car after you have caught it." No decent man could say a thing like that except in jest; but, unconsciously, that is often the attitude of the married man. He does not expect to continue the chase. If he is totally selfish he feels that he has done his part already, perhaps overdone it, and he rests from his efforts. A man who does this, knowingly and callously, deserves all he can possibly get in the way of married discomfort;

and if the woman has any spirit he will get a good deal.

There are cases where the wife proves spiritless, and she becomes the man's slave for life. Even so, her position is better than his, for such utter selfishness is sure to meet its reward. But we may put this aside as an extreme case. The average man may not intend to continue as the self-sacrificing lover; he has a sense that the pursuit of an object ceases when that object is attained; and in future he expects at least a give-and-take. There are instances where the husband remains in every aspect the lover; but, as a rule, we may take it for granted that a man may be a loving husband and yet by no means act or feel as the impassioned lover does during the days of courting.

The change of attitude is so natural that it can hardly be open to blame, even though it falls short of what we may regard as the ideal. In an ideal love we may assume that the desire of winning would continue to the end; there is no assurance of perfect finality in the possession—there is always more love to give, more love to win. But the average man is very human, his ideals are not always the loftiest, his love is not always intensely and eagerly spiritual. His

position as lover cost him much that he did not grudge —time, pursuit, surrender of his own fancies and tastes, in some degree a subversion of his own personality; he does not anticipate that these conditions shall continue unchanged indefinitely after marriage.

But the woman sometimes expects more. She has tasted the sweets of power, and she does not mean to give them up. Assuming a part that is probably against her own nature, it cannot bring her happiness and it cannot bring her success. She is violating her womanhood by continuing to rule. The true husband will see to it that her interests are not slighted, that her right claims are not neglected; but he does not expect to remain a cipher any longer. If the wife wills that he should do so, she does it at her peril. It is very rarely that a man is held by sheer dominance; he is far more likely to be held by the woman's loving surrender.

There are the claims of personality that even marriage cannot nullify, and any attempt to ignore these must be disastrous in its results. Even in a happy courtship the giving should be mutual, though it is always more fitting that the man should do the pursuing. After marriage the woman's happiness will

lie far more securely in her surrender than in any claim of domination. That the rule should be evenly balanced is the ideal for which the wise will strive.

Among some women there is an idea that the wife must pursue a career of unlimited pleasure, provided by her husband with fine houses, costly furnishings and adornments, automobiles, boxes at the theater, profuse entertainments, extravagant excursions. There is just one thing that is forgotten, and that is the providing of a home.

A continual round of sensation, novelty, and excitement does not satisfy. It may go so far that husband and wife scarcely see each other unless in company. The man pays the bills and keeps the establishment going, but it holds forth none of the allurement of home to him, and he learns to go his own way independently of it and regardless of his wife's activities.

Such a woman not only wrecks the man's happiness, she misses her own way entirely. She can never truly be happy till she gives herself in a complete surrender. To remain her own mistress can never satisfy her as she might be satisfied by becoming the willing servant and ministrant of love.

With love it is always sweeter to serve than to reign.

In forgetting this, woman is forgetting one of the best characteristics of her own nature; she is thwarting and outraging her own self, with the saddest of results. She will be happier when she returns to the old-fashioned ideas of winning and holding a husband by love alone, and ruling a household by her devotion and unselfishness.

CHAPTER XIV

ACCUSAL OF THE HUSBAND

THERE are tragedies being enacted around us of which we see or hear little—tragedies of slowly breaking hearts, of homes being wrecked, not by disasters that we may term the act of God but by human agency. Their prevention or their remedy would not be impossible, would not, perhaps, be very difficult; they are the deadly work of selfishness.

It would be pleasant to know that such tragedies are rare, that they are the exception; surely we may believe so without being too optimistic. Yet they are still too common and the pity of them makes one's heart ache. It is the perversion, the abuse of married life, that is calling our attention once more.

We know that neither sex is blameless in this matter—that homes may be ruined by the wrongdoing or neglect of the wife just as they are ruined by the wrongdoing and neglect of the husband. Both man and woman have their duties in the matter, and the penalty for scorning those duties is a terrible one.

But there is a nobler, a more inclusive word than duty —there is love; it is only where real love is lacking that we need to call the attention of married persons to their duties.

At this moment let us look at the case of the wife whose husband is negligent and careless. There are some persons, women chiefly, who say that when a husband becomes neglectful, inconsiderate, slighting the claims of home, it is the wife who is to blame; she has somehow failed to give home its right attractiveness; she has ignored the ties by which she might have bound her husband to her; she has not done her share in fulfilling the contract, and she has to suffer accordingly. Is this truth?

It may be true, sometimes; most assuredly it is not true always. Such a simple solution of the difficulty is not possible; the man cannot be so cheerfully acquitted, the woman must not be so airily condemned. Men themselves who have any manliness in them will not allow such a sentence to be passed.

There are men who treat the home somewhat like an hotel, from which they issue at morning, to which they return at night; the wife is the manager, to whom they show less courtesy than they would if this were

truly her official position. They are away at business all day—doing their duty, it may be, in this one respect; but instead of remembering the wife's loneliness they seize any and every excuse for absence in the evenings. They go to their lodges—or pretend to do so—to the theater, the concert room, the music hall; the wives are left to wonder and to worry.

Many a wife never knows what her husband is doing at night; he does not like to be questioned, he gives vague or untruthful answers, he laughs at the woman, or taunts her for what he calls her absurd interference. There may be worse things behind, of which the wife dimly guesses; but unless she takes the last step of all, and relinquishes home, and perhaps children, what can she do?

She is useful to the husband; she keeps a comfortable home that he can return to, wearied with his amusements and dissipations; it is cheaper than an hotel, and his interests are better looked after. He pays for it all, he says; the home is kept up by his earnings; the wife has a free hand to do what she pleases—he claims, and does, the same. The woman is a paid housekeeper.

Oh, men, is this the way to treat the women who

have surrendered their lives into your keeping? Is this the way to meet their love and devotion? Was this what you meant in the early ardent days of courtship? Were the old promises all made to be broken? Is this your manhood? It may be too much to expect that all the old ardor would endure; it may be too much to say that every husband should act like a lover. But there might still be fondness and consideration and kindness. The woman is ready to respond to the least expression of affection; is she to be treated like a paid dependent, whose duty is solely to prepare meals and attend to the wardrobe? A woman's heart will endure much, but it will not endure everything; it will break in time, or become bitter, hard, resentful. No wife can continue to give and receive nothing. There is a limit even to a wife's forgiveness; there may be a killing of love.

Perhaps it is not yet too late. A little manifesting of renewed kindness, a return of the old tenderness and thoughtfulness, and how responsive the woman will be! But if things continue thus too long, there must be a settlement of accounts some day. The man is killing his own nature, his own spiritual part, as

well as wounding the wife unto death. Sickness may come upon him, or sudden disaster; can he still regard the home as his haven of consolation? When he comes, sorely stricken, to the wife once more, craving the boon of her tender touch, her consoling word, her loving hand, does his craven character merit such consolation?

Some will say that husbands like this are rare—that the average man is ready to give and take, that the average wife has little to complain of. Let us hope that this is true; let us hope that the darker aspect here shown is merely the exception. But may not even these exceptions admit of cure? Even the cure of actual separation, a desperate remedy, would be better than such an evil condition. Yet there may sometimes be reasons for continuing the form of marriage after its spirit has departed; there may be children to be thought of, as there is always the pressure of public opinion and sometimes the pressure of the wife's necessities. A woman cannot always pay the price that it would cost her to leave her husband; in most cases she must be hard driven, indeed, before she will part from him. Her home remains sacred to her,

perhaps for the children's sake, perhaps for the sake of old lingering love, because there is a glimmering of hope that a change will come.

She knows that her husband is unfaithful in spirit; she may guess that he is unfaithful in act; but if he forgets that he is her husband, she does not easily forget that she is his wife. So she clings to the home, thirsting for the affection that never comes, craving the payment of old vows, wearing her heart out with longing and repining and secret tears.

Every man who has drifted away from his wife knows in his own heart where the blame truly lies. Sooner or later we become our own accusers; conscience is not permanently duped. There may be cases where the wife has been at fault—every woman will admit that freely. But equally surely, there are instances where a man must be stamped with the brand of Cain for having done his utmost to kill a human soul. There are instances where a man must sternly be convicted of having trafficked with and outraged a woman's confiding love.

CHAPTER XV

ACCUSAL OF THE WIFE

TO PROVIDE for the perfect home life it is necessary that the woman as well as the man shall do her share, and her share is in every sense as important as his.

The utter sadness of the condition if the husband fails—the shame to him if he neglects his wife, if he leaves her lonely while he indulges in selfish gratifications—must be fully insisted on. No true man wishes to ignore this side of the question; no true man will say a word in defense of the husband who, without provocation, is neglectful of his duties and cruelly forgetful of the woman's claims. But marriage is a partnership, and its responsibilities are mutual. Its profits and its losses are alike shared.

There are some, indeed, who say that the woman is always mainly responsible for an unhappy home, and that when things go wrong the fault is chiefly hers. It is never fair to make any such sweeping assertion. But there are cases in which the wife appears to have

married for the sake of obtaining a settlement, a house of her own, a provider for her wants. She is thoroughly resolved that these wants shall be many and various. She has married in order to have a good time. The husband is indispensable, but he must not become too prominent. His duty is to make her happy, to give all that she desires, to gratify her least wish, and to efface himself as far as possible. She does not want to have children—they are a nuisance, in her opinion. To be a mere mother and housewife is hopelessly old-fashioned.

There are several things that it is possible for this woman to accomplish. She may render her husband as reckless as herself, as neglectful of the home, as unlicensed and self-pleasing; she may drive him to heedless expenditure, insolvency, and failure; or she may drive him to seek the tenderness and love in other women that he does not find in his wife. It may happen that the home will only endure at all from a fear of open scandal, and if divorce is not resorted to it is only because neither of the pair cares enough to take the trouble. The household continues as a hideous mockery, for the sake of appearances and of con-

venience; a home without love, without sense of duty, without respectability, an outrage and a farce.

Or, if the husband's nature is different, he may be driven to throw his life entirely into lines of business; he weds himself to his city office, to his speculations and gambles, or to simple, hard-working energy. There is no comfort at home, and he seeks for none; that illusion has vanished long since. His account books and dividends are his life. The wife is a mere costly ornament, of which he often grudges the price; but for the sake of a false peace he lets things drift, and their ways of life lie absolutely separate. Some day, perhaps, he finds that the price has become more than he chooses to cope with; there is a storm; he limits the supplies and gives the woman her choice of that or nothing. Actual sensational tragedy may easily come, but even if there be no sensation, no scandal, there is the tragedy of a home life that is a ghastly failure.

But a wife may fail in other less noticeable ways. She may remain faithful and, to some degree, hard-working; there is no glaring fault, no heedless extravagance, no exploiting of her condition for mere license

and indulgence. Yet she may have failed to render the home homelike. She has ignored the touch that gives charm, the tender care that insures comfort; she has neglected even her personal appearance, and a woman is never less womanly than when she does that. She has dreamed, perhaps, that the mere fact of faithfulness and love is enough, without any of the graces than can be woven around it to give an enduring glamour. She thinks it is possible to muddle through married life anyhow, not having realized how delicate and sensitive is the nature of a home.

Every home has its own atmosphere, and we all know how largely this depends on the woman; she has allowed the atmosphere of this home to become one of unrest and disorder, of negligence in small things and discomfort in trifles. In the great things she would do her duty; if the man were ill she would nurse him tenderly and patiently, she would share his troubles, bear want and toil and difficulty with him, fight for his interests, let no one wrong or injure him. But in the little things she has been remiss, and there is a heavy price to pay. The man may not have said much, but he becomes dissatisfied; there is no comfort at home, no attractiveness of quiet cheer, no sentiment

made visible, no manifestation of constant love in the tasteful arranging of the furniture or the providing of meals.

If he complains or makes unfavorable comparisons, the wife resents it and says he no longer cares for her; the simplest way for him is to say nothing, and to stay away as much as possible. So he cultivates a taste for his lodge or his club; he keeps to his office as long as possible, and comes home as seldom as possible. Little by little the rift widens. The wife's resentment does not lead her to the true remedy, but it merely hardens her, and renders her more careless. The home is no real home at all, and to the man it becomes more and more like a somewhat slovenly and uncomfortable hotel at which he lodges for the night. Perhaps only the love of his children, if there be any, keeps him to it; and the children suffer as well as he.

We cannot claim that the wife alone shall be unselfish, that the wife alone shall sacrifice her small interests and deny herself, in order that the husband shall be lapped in softness and comfort and continual gratification. No such one-sided claim must be made. The man has his imperative duties, whose neglect nothing

can excuse. But we can claim that the womanliness of the wife should pervade the home with its sweetness and tenderness, that the atmosphere of love should breathe from every nook and corner—that the home should be as a part of her, manifesting her gentle affection and happy contentment.

However poor the home may be, the wife's care can render it beautiful. If the man has his part, this is hers. She need not quite neglect the personal adornments that were natural to the time of courtship; she must not let the husband think that she no longer cares for his admiration. It is for her to make the home a kind of haven after the cares and toils of the day, a place of restfulness.

It is good to meet a man who is always glad to reach his home at night, who feels its atmosphere like a caress; it is good to see him hastening homeward after his work in the city, it may be bringing some small gifts, perhaps a few flowers, or some sweetmeat that his wife loves; knowing well that, while he had been doing his duty away, she has been doing hers. The married life cannot remain as a prolonged honeymoon, and yet there are cases where it is very much like it.

CHAPTER XVI

THE THIRD PERSON

IT IS part of the tragedy of life that love sometimes comes to persons to whom its coming is a desperate calamity.

This is a hard thing to say of love, which in itself is the most blessed influence we can admit into our hearts. But perhaps there is no gift of life that may not be turned into a curse by circumstances; and if we speak thus of love it is only of its misuse, its weakness, its disease, rather than its health.

When love exists between two persons, and the utterance, the manifestation, of that love is a wrong-doing, the love may easily become a curse. There is indeed a certain school of emotion which holds that love can override all laws, human or divine; and it may give a gloss to its reasoning to urge that love itself is the divine thing before which all other law fades into insignificance. This one law, some would urge, abrogates while it includes all others; it is the court of last appeal, and those who have been true to this one dictate have been false to nothing else that

was worth heeding. But society does not recognize this claim and does not sanction its extreme arrogations. Nor does religion, nor can the simple teaching of duty.

It would be perilous, indeed, to say that love gives us a right to do as we please. This can be the claim only of a love that is selfish, and therefore of a love that is confessedly human. There must be a higher element in love that shall come in to elevate and ennoble it. There is the love that recognizes the claims of every human being, therefore acknowledging that its own right ends where the right of another person begins. In other words, there is the divine law of right and wrong, which cannot be set aside by any selfish claim whatever.

Love becomes a tragedy when it infringes this higher law. A man may love a married woman, or two may love each other who are both married. Their reasoning is utterly fallacious if they claim that their love is the divine rule that must transcend all other consideration, for no personal emotion can transcend the law of right. Love does not single out two persons and place them within a charmed circle into which no consideration for others can enter; it does

not say that these two have the world to themselves, can follow the calling of their own passion. It is true that romancers and poets sometimes make this claim for love, but they utterly forget the divine nobility of unselfishness, of sacrifice, of justice to others. They forget the wife whose husband neglects her because he loves another woman. They forget the husband whose wife has followed a new impulse. They forget and forgive all, because they assert that love is the one supreme deity.

But there is a love that transcends this selfishness, a love that remembers, pities, thinks tenderly of the woman, the man, who would else be deserted—a love that, though it cannot suppress its own emotion, can yet master and control and ennoble that emotion. The man who deeply and passionately loves another woman and yet remains true to the union which he had voluntarily entered cannot be censured; his love, sad and regrettable as it must be, has not led him into wrongdoing. He may have struggled against the other love and tried to subdue it; it may have conquered him, possessed him, haunted him as the supreme emotion of his life; for this we dare not blame him.

But if he allows the love to hurry him into action, if

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he scorns the earlier tie, he is assuredly doing wrong, however much he may try to persuade himself that there can be no tie but love. In other words, if he is wronging his wife, he must also be wronging himself and doing injury to the other woman; love, the beautiful and divine impulse, has been debased by being allowed to triumph over the law of right. He has outraged the laws of society—that is a result which he might be prepared to brave; but has he not also outraged that higher law which we endeavor to suggest as the law of God?

No two persons have a right to imagine that their mutual love places them above these considerations. They have no claim to think themselves raised above their human responsibilities. There may be great bitterness in their lot, it may seem to them that the indulgence of their love must lead to perfect satisfaction and peace; it may seem to them that this love is the one answer to the enigma of life, that without it all is confusion and darkness. But—there is the third person to be thought of; is the third person to be wronged? That is the problem they must solve for themselves.

Their love may abide with them as a light in dark-

ness, a comfort in days of perplexity and hours of bitterness; there may remain this wellspring to solace them when they are parched by the dry ways of uncongenial life. But they must not let the fountain be poisoned at its head. A secret love, nursed when other love has perhaps been outraged and forfeited, may be a blessing, a source of inspiration to effort, a refuge from despair; it is most likely to remain so if it is not carried into the action that means wrongdoing. It is possible for it to become ennobled by its unselfishness.

The man or woman who, cherishing in secret this other love, still clings to the partner who seems of alien nature, of defective sympathy, is going on a path of glorious self-sacrifice that must lead to its compensation; such recompense will come in the form of an abiding peace beneath all the occasional grudgings and revolts and outward dissatisfaction. The way may open some day for the realization of the fuller love, or perhaps the way may never open; but the highest love is possible without the joy of possession, and a love, even unknown and unreturned, may be a secret spring making the wilderness blossom as the rose.

Is this a counsel of perfection? Perhaps it is; but it is better to fail by aiming too high than to stumble and fall in the sunless valleys.

If this question concerned mere laws of man one might be more daring in one's claims for the freedom of intense love. But in this case it is certain that the man-made law is founded on the better rights of humanity. Society is a whole to which all parts bear obligations. It is perilous to tamper with the sacredness of marriage, even when such marriage has proved unhappy and imperfect.

CHAPTER XVII

PLATONIC AFFECTIONS

THERE are many cases in which men and women risk a great deal of their happiness on friendships that they suppose to be platonic. The ideal is assuredly a worthy one, yet there is always a peril when it is put into practice.

The friendship that is usually styled platonic means a communing on equal terms of intellectual or moral sympathy; it means that a person may have a friend of the opposite sex without any intrusive thoughts of passion or love. It means that man and woman may be friends, just as man and man are friends. And why not? In America, especially, where coeducation of the sexes is so common, it would seem that such a companionship is not only advisable, but possible.

Recognizing this, we must still realize that there is a certain danger in putting such ideas into practice. There is always the danger of one in the bargain meaning more, giving more, than the other. With the young, especially, there are the primary instincts and

impulses of human nature to contend with; these at any time may assert themselves with disastrous effect. Wisdom and self-knowledge are, above all, necessary, and where can we be sure of finding them?

Yet it must be asserted nevertheless that platonic attachments are possible, and that they are sometimes very beautiful. It is quite possible even for the young to form strong friendships with the other sex, without any idea of courtship and matrimony; it is still more common to meet such comradeships among the more mature, the middle-aged, or elderly. Education, sport, or pleasure may easily bring young persons together, and bind them with an intimate relationship; or they may be drawn by similar tastes in art, in literature, in music. The result may be a healthy and vigorous kind of fraternity, of mutual support and encouragement. But if it chance that the one feel more than the other, so-called platonic friendship may easily become a mere mask for a hopeless and one-sided love.

We all know such cases—we can guess at them, even when they are not outwardly obvious. We know that the man or the woman is either deceiving himself or is, perhaps, deceiving the comrade. We know that

on the one side may be entire coolness, self-possession, simple unemotional regard, while on the other is a hot, smothered passion, growing in spite of its being smothered; so that the relation is entirely partial, unfair, unbalanced, the one party giving all and the other giving very little.

But because of this danger, must the beauty and usefulness of the friendship be abandoned as of too great peril? Can it never be possible for a young man and a young woman to associate with happy freedom, unhampered by pruderies and reserves? May they not confide in each other, work, and take pleasure together, not only without the sneer of narrow social censorship, but also without the kinder warnings of wise well-wishers? Must we not say that in this connection something should be left to the individual—something of scope and enterprise and venture? The good thing is so well worth winning that something may be risked for it. There may be an occasional wreck, an occasional bankruptcy; but there are other ventures that come safely to port.

Obviously, the dangers of such comradeship are less in the case of older persons, those who have been through the mill, have learned to count and pay the

cost of their actions, and who, in plain words, are better able to take care of themselves. It is quite possible for a married man or woman to have a close and sincere friendship with a person of the opposite sex, and yet give no occasion for the whisper of scandal. There are such friendships, their nature well understood on both sides. The fact that an individual is married does not entirely shut out a need of other companionship, other sympathies; and it is a point of wisdom on the part of husband or wife to recognize this. Not many, perhaps, do fully recognize it, and this is where the danger of these outside friendships may come in; they may be marred or destroyed by jealousy.

We must acknowledge that the position is always a delicate one, and it calls for an amount of noble trust. Perhaps we can hardly expect a husband to welcome the existence of a special friendship between his wife and another man, even where he has the highest conception of her honor; perhaps it is too much to claim that a wife should equally welcome any platonism on her husband's side. Yet that such friendships can exist with the fullest honor and satisfaction on all sides is happily provable; and at times there can be

nothing more wholesome and useful than such an intimacy between a man and a woman who is not his wife.

The friend who can securely be held in such a position fills a post of enviable confidence, and has the power of conferring much good. The marital connection may be all that it should be in respect to affection, yet it is possible that there may be intellectual or artistic sides not fully gratified, and here is a scope for the platonic friendship. Many a man who devotedly loves his wife may yet derive immense pleasure and profit from friendship with a woman of wise and noble character; he may even win golden counsels from her with regard to woman's ideals and requirements; he may become a better husband through this friendship.

The dangers of such friendships are so obvious that they need not be insisted on. The pride of possession, jealousy, exclusiveness, distrust, must prevent them in the majority of cases; they would not be safe or prudent, they risk too much. When they do exist, with the happiness and content of all parties, they are a fine tribute to character; they show what society might become if we could get rid of jealousy, doubt, suspicion. But there are certain primary facts of

human nature that would also have to be eliminated, if such a practice could safely become common. At present it is too high a counsel for the many, and the ordinary conventions come in for the protection of the weak, the imprudent, the suspicious, the unwary. It is better for these that they should be hedged round with social restrictions.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE REAL MAN AND WOMAN

WHEN we have to do with men and women in crowds they often fail to satisfy us. They seem remote, sometimes almost as impersonal as puppets worked by wires, or like mummers at a masquerade. We go to assemblies, perhaps, hoping to get in touch with human beings, and we meet only with shadows. The shadows may be noisy enough, aggressive enough in their apparent reality; but somehow we feel conscious that these are not the real men and women at all; that they are players acting a part; that their gaiety is assumed, and will be probably laid aside when the play is over.

This sort of companionship may amuse us for a time, but there is a lurking sense of mockery about it; we want something more genuine. Judging these people by their outward manner, there seems little to differentiate them; all seem engaged in the same idle pursuits, all seem to be merely dallying with the surface of things; none of them appears to speak or act

with entire sincerity. We condemn them, perhaps hastily and fretfully, as light and frivolous, as ignoring the true things of life and wasting themselves on trifles.

Taken in the mass, society always seems only half in earnest—except about its pleasures. We can recognize only two things that the crowd pursues with a whole heart, the quest of pleasure and the quest of gold. In both these quests there is an earnestness worthy of better causes.

In the social circle it is the pleasure quest that prevails. Together with it is much that we know to be vicious and unamiable; there is the desire to outdo others, to eclipse in luxury and adornments, to have the finest mansions and give the most costly entertainments. The surface of smiles and compliments covers a large amount of envy and hate and malice; they are to be guessed at, sometimes expressed by subtle tones of atmosphere, always wreathed in jests and pleasantries.

We go away discontented, with pity for those who are so involved in this stream that they cannot get out of it. Perhaps our pity is mixed with a little contempt, which is not worthy; perhaps we forget that many of those who are thus frittering away their

energies have in their hearts the same longing that we have for something more real and abiding. We condemn them in the mass as empty, idle, wasteful, insincere; we take them in the lump, and say that the lump is bad.

All this is a grave mistake. Men and women never can be properly approached, never can be rightly appraised, in crowds; we must take them as individuals. If we want to understand a character, we must take the person apart from his surroundings; we must get in touch with him, behind the mask, beneath the draperies. In crowds persons never reveal themselves; they are always acting, and very often acting a part which they dislike. They subscribe to articles that they do not believe, they agree in opinions that are not theirs, they support customs and conventions which they know to be idle or vicious; a crowd is capable of any folly, any insincerity, almost any outrage of decency. But if we judged each member of the crowd by the general doings, we should be committing a wrong to some.

Custom, fashion, the magnetic power of numbers, are very strong; only a few here and there have enough determination to resist these influences. Only a few

stand aside when a great crowd marches by, the majority fall into line and step out with the rest. If we wish to influence any one of our fellows, we must get him to stand aside, to fall out of the ranks; we must get him by himself, to discover what manner of being he is. We do not know each other so long as we remain like figures at a fancy dress carnival. But let us try to draw one or two out of the crowd and speak with them.

When we come face to face with a man or a woman in this fashion we may be astonished at the response we meet. We had judged from the surface, and the surface had deceived us. This human being who had shouted with the majority, who had danced to the pipings of fashion, who had joined with apparent earnestness in the popular amusements and sensations, has perhaps been as remote from it all in his heart as we ourselves; his service had been merely lip service, he had bent the knee but not worshiped from his inward spirit. He is glad to escape for once into a world of realities—to meet another fellow creature face to face, to grip the hand and speak sincerities.

To him as to us have come occasional visions, flashes

of high purpose, hungerings for wider scope of opportunity; the smartness of smart sets has not satisfied him. Few words, it may be, will pass between us, but those few are pregnant with meaning. Perhaps, if we get on terms, we can help each other to resist the paralyzing grip of fashionable emptiness. He, like ourselves, will realize the grandeur of sincerity, after the meaningless or false phrases of society. We are doing a man immense service when we speak truly to him, using no conventional terms that are hollow or misleading.

Our lives need more of this meeting one another on terms of our common needs, our common hopes and desires and wonderings. Among the whole crowd of those who dance in the whirl of amusement there are few who will not respond if we draw them apart and speak a word in accents that are sincere. Those who appear most giddy, most absorbed in the round of excitement, are perhaps only the better actors; in their hearts they may feel a discontent and a repining that they veil with the utmost cleverness. Their idle and noisy occupations have not yet deafened or blinded them. They smile with the gayest, laugh with the

loudest; but their outward life, that which is apparent, is not the whole—there is another part of them, that is entirely dissatisfied.

We have no right to judge social circles as composed of none but the giddy and careless; many are drawn within the whirl who still retain glimpses of the divine and still hear calls of a deeper existence. What though we may pride ourselves on standing aloof, thanking heaven that we are not as these, yet they may be the better men, they may be the better women. Perhaps, if we get in touch with them, they will cast off their masks and come forth to help us. We need their help, as they need ours.

We should try to speak together, at least sometimes, as human beings who think and feel, not as mere echoes or automatons. If we love reality, let us seek it in every man or woman or youth whom we meet. By so doing we shall feed our own hunger for the true; we shall strengthen our own wills and purposes; and we shall find that in most of our fellow creatures, if we only try to reach it, there is something that will respond to the deepest claims of life.

CHAPTER XIX

TWO CODES OF HONOR

IT IS sometimes said that a woman's code of honor is different from a man's—that she does right or does wrong without reference to any principle of action, in a kind of haphazard way that may lead to good or to evil. This is as much as to say not that the woman's code is different, but that she has no code at all.

By code of honor, of course, we mean certain unwritten principles which guide persons or bodies of persons in their doings. In this sense every section of society has its code, to infringe which leads to a kind of excommunication. To offend against such principles puts a man or woman "outside the gate." We might be somewhat poorly off if we had no clearer and more intimate guide than the code of our social circle, whatever that may be; but the existence of any such unwritten chart of morals is better than nothing, and it is in this manner, slowly influenced by

individuals, that the standard of public opinion advances.

The grave importance of public opinion is just this, that many persons look to no higher guidance, being content to regulate their lives according to its dictates. To many people certain things are wrong simply because an average of general opinion thinks them wrong; and just as there is fashion in clothes and manners, so is there fashion in morality. So far as it goes this is good enough, but it does not go far enough. Privately, we want something that is closer and more personal.

Perhaps it is true that men among themselves have a more recognized code of what is right and wrong than have women, for the reason that men club together more freely, they are more corporate and gregarious. The man is more often one of a body, a special circle, a club or fellowship; the woman more frequently is a free lance, fighting for her own hand, with a sense of fluctuating animosity between her and the other women with whom she comes in contact. The man's rules of conduct, therefore, are more clearly formulated; centuries of comradeship have defined

them. Woman in a manner has been more isolated, joined by the closest ties to some man, but less united in fellowship with others of her own sex. She has been compelled to depend less on a common principle of action, more on her own initiative.

It is probably true that when we have acknowledged the woman's greater impulsiveness, we have touched the real root of the matter. If we admit that the woman acts more often from immediate impulse, while the man acts with reference to some general or private principle, we have at once given a reason why the man's honor may be a little more reliable than the woman's, without admitting that the man's real morality is any better. The man is a little more bound, more hedged in by precedents and the example of comrades whose bad opinion he dreads; the woman is often more individual in her motives, more disposed to follow her own direct tendency of action.

Men's morals and principles are cut very much after a common pattern; the woman, who is usually a slave of fashion in some other particular, is more unbiased and unrestricted here. She is a little more unaccountable than the man, it is harder to foretell what she

will do, and she may commit offenses at times, under special temptation, with which her general character is wholly at variance.

There is the question of loyalty to friends. It is sometimes asserted that a man is more commonly loyal to his friends than a woman. If this is so, it may be a feature of the comradeship which is more characteristic of the man. A man carries his boyish tendencies with him; in his relations with other men he remains very much of a schoolboy to the end of his life, with the schoolboy sense of loyalty and fellowship. Girls have their passionate friendships also, but perhaps they more usually single out special individuals and maintain something like antagonism toward others. It is outrageous to say, as has been said, that every woman hates every other woman; but it may be true that women are sometimes in a state of veiled warfare with each other. To express the point clearly, it must be exaggerated, for, of course, there are numberless women who have nothing but feelings of kindness and affection toward others of their sex.

Comradeship, fellowship, more common with men, certainly lead to loyalty and to certain clearly defined

principles of conduct—not very subtle or far-reaching principles, it may be, but useful for everyday wear and tear. The woman relies more on the mood and call of the moment; she deals with things as they happen, without having prepared any cut-and-dried regulations. She is strongly of opinion that circumstances alter cases, and that no case can be judged by something that has gone before. At the best, her sense of honor is delicately fine, her conscience sensitive, her readiness for self-sacrifice unlimited. She errs often in her words, while her deeds remain right. Perhaps more often than with a man, her actions show what she is, being less regulated by conventions of conduct. She is not so thoroughly tamed as the man; there is more of the primitive about her. This cuts both ways, for good and for evil.

CHAPTER XX

MOTHERS OF THE RACE

IN THE hearts of most men there is a tender spot—and that is the memory of a mother. Behind cynicism and hardness and apparent coldness there is a bedrock of belief in the possibility of human goodness, because the man remembers his mother. Living or dead, she is an abiding power with him, probably the most vital influence on his life.

Woman has this glorious vocation, whose dignity and beauty can be increased by no external pomp, or diminished by no lowliness of condition; it is hers to bear and to rear the men and women of the future. All the influence that can be exerted by teachers and preachers and legislators seems slight when we compare it with the influence of the mother. The mother's influence is deep, primitive, lasting; she influences not merely by what she does, but perhaps even more by what she is. The child, the girl, the maiden, is molding future character while she molds her own; the gentleness and kindliness that she fosters, the culture,

the sweet and pure thoughts will in some sense have a living utterance, a living expression, by and by.

As an artist may train himself to paint a picture or a writer to produce a beautiful book, so the woman is training herself, though not consciously, to perform the duties of the mother. The child is to be her poem, her picture. If the training is important to the poet, the painter, what shall we say of the training that shall fit a woman to be a mother?

There can be no national decadence, no failure and fall, while the mothers do their part nobly; there can be no worthy prosperity, no hope of social regeneration, if the mothers fall short of their duty and their privilege. This is a force greater than navies and armaments, a better source of wealth than any commercial triumphs; if this fails, the country fails. The mothers of a people are that people's supreme asset; here we are rich, or here we may become poor. Whatever can lower the popular conception of motherhood is a blow at the nation's heartstrings, a wound in the most vulnerable part.

In times of luxury and self-indulgence there is a danger that women may be willing to marry and yet shrink from the responsibilities of maternity; and if

the sacredness of maternity is slighted, the next step must be to slight the sacredness of matrimony. The idea that marriage is just a bond for the convenience of a man and a woman is a loss to the dignity of marriage itself. Nothing can exist healthily for happiness alone; there must be some duty linked with it, to give it a natural and wholesome permanence.

The sanctity of home life, the bearing and training of children, are the beauty and the safeguard of marriage; the noblest feature of civilized life is threatened when women are willing to neglect their highest privilege. A good deal of modern literature is poisonous from this point of view; it is literature of self-pleasing, of the roses and rapture of supposed pleasure seeking, and with the artistic glamour of beautiful words it leads women to regard motherhood as an old-fashioned, restricting convention. Art for art's sake, pleasure for pleasure's sake, passion for passion's sake—all these may become the passwords of a people's decay.

But though it is certain that some women here and there are infected with this moral poison, we cannot think that womanhood, as a whole, is yielding to its contagion. What we must hope is that the young girls of today are being saved from it. There is a wonder-

ful beauty in a natural girlhood, a girlhood whose thoughts are shy and reserved, whose spirit is as yet a "fountain sealed," whose dreams are of crystal purity. The loveliness of innocent girlhood can never be out of date, and we look to the girls of today for the mothers of tomorrow. We look to their modesty and tenderness and truthfulness as the wellsprings of humanity's future.

Whether their homes are palaces or humble dwellings, we would have them trained to love all beauty—especially the beauty of thought and action; swift to do kind deeds, eager to dream noble dreams, learning all things that are comely and of good report, smirching themselves with no tainted literature or impure suggestions of art. Let them be educated to be cultured women, accomplished women, women of mental capacity and purpose; above all, let them be fitted to become mothers. The idea that a fortunate marriage is the chief end of woman need not be taught them—the chief end of woman is to be good, true, womanly; but may all their training be such that if marriage comes, and if motherhood follows, then they may truly be fitted for this beautiful privilege.

Some of us know so well what a good mother is.

We treasure the memory so tenderly that it seems hardly permissible to speak of it. She is, of course, the truest and best of wives; but it is the mother aspect that we are now considering. She loves her children with a perfect love that makes no differences, admits no favoritism. Her love is as just as it is deep. Her joy is in the joy of her boys and girls—not their selfish gratifying nor their pleasure at any cost, their pampering, the continual indulgence of their self-wills. She longs to see them happy, but she longs above all to see them good, which is the best happiness.

She is never angry, only at times vexed and sorrowful. She neither punishes nor caresses them from mere caprice; she does not make them suffer when she feels ill or worried; she does not bribe them into good behavior by the promise of favors nor frighten them into obedience by threats.

As they grow up she never loses their childish confidence; as she is their mother, so is she also their nearest friend. Her sympathy, her counsel, her tender soothing are always ready; the grown son, the daughter, bring all their difficulties, their hopes, their disappointments, to the mother. Life has no other pure and unselfish love quite like this. It is the best image

we have when we would picture the love that is divine.

Some sons and daughters are compelled to say in their hearts, "My mother was a loving but not a wise mother;" some have to think, "My mother spoiled and gave me my own way too much, and now I have to pay the price." There are imperfections in motherhood, foolish and weak fondness, injustice. But the good and true mother—how beautiful and wonderful she is!

CHAPTER XXI

THE ETERNAL ROMANCE

PEOPLE sometimes, reading old romances, seeing them represented on the stage or in motion pictures, ask if love has become a smaller thing in these days. Are there such love stories now? Is there so fierce a blaze of passion or so noble a continuance of fidelity? It would seem that there is no room for such romances now; our minds are occupied with money getting and money spending, with the anxiety of meeting our bills, making a show, keeping in the set that seems desirable to us. Love is crowded out or takes a second place. Where are the passions that could form a theme for drama and opera, ballad or epic? Have we not fallen on different times—times of practical energy, industry, the market and the stock exchange? This is what persons may ask, not knowing their neighbors or themselves.

It is certain that where there was romance there was reality, and where there is reality there is romance. We do not favor the same pomp and pageantry now;

but just as a man may be as good a soldier without wearing a brilliant uniform, so there may be the essentials of romance without its adornments. Tristan and Isolde, Siegfried and Kriemhild, Lancelot and Guinevere—they are names of old repute, clothed with the glamour of centuries that we imagine to have been more poetical than ours, but they are merely types of the perennial story, of the enduring facts that concern humanity. If there is any beauty, any meaning in their tales, it cannot be a meaning that has passed out of human life, a beauty that merely belonged to a dream. If their histories signify anything to us, these must have been living men and women, and under other names they live among us today.

They wear the commonplace dress of our streets, they speak our common language; perhaps they are engaged in occupations that appear far from romantic. They are clerks and girls in our business offices, adding figures, typewriting, selling goods across the counter; or they may be gray-haired men and women, parents of families, worried stock jobbers, potentates of oil or cattle or the canning trade. Place them back a few centuries and they would have worn the most picturesque dresses, have spoken a different tongue,

have carried arms, have played perhaps on instruments that are now obsolete; otherwise they would have been the same men and women, with the same longings and dreams in their better moments, the same virtues and vices, the same greatnesses and littlenesses. Humanity has not changed its nature, it has merely changed its clothes.

But it was true then as now that the grand passion, the great enduring devotion, was the rare and exceptional. There was an average of feeling then as there is now, and it was this that conditioned the lives of the average person. All men and women were not Tristans and Isoldes; these were the exceptions, or their lives would not have been so chronicled and blazoned. Even then, they were types of the ordinary, carrying to extremes the emotions of the ordinary; that which they experienced in much, others experienced in little. They stood for the love that all men and women shared, the same in quality if not in degree. And because they stood, as it were, on pedestals, seen and observed of all men, sung by minstrels and glorified by romancers, we must not suppose that their capacity for love was necessarily greater than that of many who remained quite unknown and unsung.

The questions that truly concern us are as to our own capacity for love and the measure in which it is fulfilled. Can we love much or have we small, selfish souls that can love only a little? Are we racked by strong passions, or do our days glide by placidly in a way of tranquil affection and easily gratified desires? Whatever our gift be, do we make the best of it, develop it and use it? Do we waste our days sighing for impossible romances, reading or dreaming fairy tales instead of facing the actual things that concern us and others? We all have some gift of love, small or large; it is like a debt that must be paid, something that we owe to those with whom we come in contact —perhaps to some one in particular.

It is idle to read old legends of bygone passion and bravery and patience and yet feel no emotion, no care, no courageous purpose of our own. The only way in which we can vivify these old tales is to live out what is good in them in our own existences. Our capacity for love may be less than that of others or it may be greater; we have to make the most of it, not letting it be stifled by growths of selfishness, of sordid aim, of merely sensuous desire. There is room for romance in our lives, whereby we may live and labor, whatever

our age may be; romance is not the monopoly of youth, it did not perish with the old times of pomp and pageant and fighting. There is still room for the heroic, which has no monopoly of an age of heroes. But for our love to be romantic, for it to have the heroic quality, it must win an element of unselfishness; this alone can transform it from prose into poetry, this alone can make it worthy to rank with the great tales of emotion handed down to us from the past.

If we expect the romantic, the heroic, we must be careful not to expect them from the wrong persons. There are people who are not capable of them. There are very small vessels, holding but a little and able to give only of that little; others of perhaps larger capacity are yet choked and filled with their own selfish aims and purposes. Tragedy awaits us if we base our hopes on fallacies, illusions—if we magnify small folk into giants.

Giving forth of our own best, we may claim something of the best from others, but we must not degenerate into cynics and misanthropes if we do not get it. If we have done our own part bravely and truly we cannot meet utter disappointment. There has been the blessedness of giving.

CHAPTER XXII

THE UNMARRIED LIFE

AS A rule, it is a weakness to dwell too much upon our own position, to contrast it with the position of others, to lament that we are less favored. Our position is a part of ourselves; it has been in some measure our own making. We have had a power of choice. The materials were given us without our selection, but we were in some sort our own architects. A complaint is sometimes a self-condemnation. But there are moods to which we all yield at times, in which we indulge in a little petulant wailing. Perhaps we are all the braver for it afterward, just as a flood of tears relieves a woman. The peril is in allowing the mood to become permanent and permitting the transient feeling to develop into a fixed character.

Sometimes to the lonely bachelor a mood of depression comes that takes a certain color. It is an intense recognition of the things that he lacks and that others enjoy. It is a wallowing in a slough of morbid ego-

tism. Let it for once gain expression and the expression may conquer it.

He regards himself as a superfluous person, one of life's supernumeraries, of the first consequence to nobody. In all his relationships, he is secondary; some one else comes first. He is the "third person." He is not of supreme importance to anybody. There is no one individual to whom he can say, "You and I are everything to each other; though all the world prove cold and hollow, our connection abides." He can claim no one as his own. He is isolated, aloof.

Is not this, at bottom, the consciousness that depresses every unmarried person? Does it not constitute the loneliness of the spinster and the desolate feeling that sometimes overcomes the bachelor? It may be a half-truth and therefore in part a lie. It may be sheer morbidness and selfishness. It may be in a measure the individual's own fault. But, partly true and partly false, the feeling comes home with intensity at times, and there are few things more melancholy than this sense of loneliness, this aching of a kind of homesickness. There are moments, indeed, when it comes to all alike, married or single; and it was in this sense that St. Augustine, long ago, interpreted

it as the restlessness of the soul's craving for God. That is the religious reading of the riddle, and it is not for us to controvert it. But the fact is there, a definite reality to be faced. The sense of incompleteness may be universal, a quality inseparable from our mortal conditions, but it is natural that the single man or woman should take it as a special attribute of his or her position, one of the things he loses in the freedom of being unattached. There is loss and gain; inevitably at moments the loss seems greater than the gain.

It is not often that this sense can be the motive for marriage when the parties are young, for a person must generally approach middle age before he powerfully realizes it. When persons of maturer age come together it is often from a dread of this loneliness, and the desire to win a supreme place as regards one individual. It is very possible that marriage itself may disappoint this longing; it may end in sordid tragedy, and the last state be worse than the first. But it presents at least a possibility of as close a union between two persons as our human nature permits. It offers at least a chance that the personality, crying out for companionship, will find its mate.

Even when the result falls short of the ideal, as must happen in a majority of instances, the union provides that the pair in future shall have each other in especial care; the duty of each is to think first and on all occasions of the other. So clear and definite is the purpose of this union that it is a trite commonplace to speak of the two becoming one; and this longing to become one, to merge or amplify the identity by the most intimate fellowship with another, is alike the keynote of love and of friendship. Speaking strictly, it perhaps pertains more fully to the highest friendship, which is the cry of the individual longing for comradeship. There is no true friendship without love; there may be love without friendship. It is an imperfection of language that we are compelled to use the word love to designate an emotion that is infinitely complex and various, in degree and in manifestations.

It is the distinction and perhaps the privilege of any special mood that it sees only one side of a question, or sees that side so vividly that other aspects are for the time nonexistent. Such is the mood in which the unmarried man deplores his disadvantages. He feels himself to be lonely and isolated, a disengaged

unit. He pictures to himself that there is no eye "to mark his coming and grow brighter when he comes." He may be welcomed into the homes of his friends, but he is merely an outsider, a visitor—he does not belong. He owes service to no single loving soul. "Lord of himself, that heritage of woe," no one really cares what he does or where he goes. The friend to whom he once fancied that he was bound in lasting bonds has taken to himself a wife; the old comradeship is broken. He longs to be the same to this friend, but the friend's attitude has changed; it is simply the ghost of the old fellowship.

He comes and he goes as a phantom, thinking in moments of bitterness that if he were to depart tomorrow to distant lands or to the far bourn, the waters of forgetfulness would close above his memory as when a stone drops into a pool, leaving only a few rapidly subsiding circles of disturbance. He longs to become member of a circle, a definite constituent of a home, a first party in a contract; but the title-part of no performance falls to his share, he only plays as a subordinate character. The passing years appear to emphasize his loneliness.

He is like one who passes in the night by the lighted

windows of homes that he may not enter. The cheerful voices come out to him, the sound of laughter and singing, the prattle of little children. If he were to go in he would still be the stranger, the mere guest. He is perplexed with the problem of life's solitude. His heart cries aloud for companionship; he feels an infinite capacity for loving; his hand reaches out and grasps thin air.

There are souls that go through life with this ache, conscious of what they lack, or, perhaps equally sadly, unconscious of it—souls unmated, without a fellow, without a haven. Some seek this haven in religion, loving to think that there is no obstacle to their communion with the eternal spirit, the soul that is above our soul, the fountain of strength and consolation whose power we can only realize without understanding it. Others fly to a similar though lesser solace in literature and art and music. Some seek it in philanthropic labors. Others sink into a morose selfishness. Some would still their longing with the anodyne of gratified ambition. At bottom of all there is this one sorrow—that they are lonely.

True it is that a consciousness of loneliness may sometimes come upon us all, married and single alike.

But let the unmarried wrestle with his mood and play the coward no longer. Let him confront the truth with brave, clear eyes. He will see that some of the daunting shadows, if real, were of his own making. He will see, and he may see it without cynicism, that a number of married lives reveal something that is worse than isolation—a discordant or degrading or loveless companionship. He will see that many, even though comfortable, are merely expedient partnerships in control of a domestic undertaking. He will see that, after the decay of passion, a few only have attained to the ideal of kinship between soul and soul. He may find it possible to attain largely this kinship, even with a married friend. He will find that he can make himself wanted, that he need not be a stranger and an outsider, that he can throw himself into the lives of others and enrich his own by enriching theirs.

The desire to be all in all may be natural, but it may easily become ignoble, the claim of a morbid selfishness. There is a divine law of compensations; he is not left without the reward of great possibilities. The very liberty that he possesses may enlarge the scope of his companionship; he remains his own, and can give himself freely. He can bestow an affection that

is sullied by no motives of convention or expediency; he has a treasure to give and to receive. If he chooses, he may mope and pine and bewail himself; he may go through life complaining that he is lonely and misunderstood and unappreciated. If he chooses he can master all this as the unworthy suggestion of a dyspeptic mood.

He can note the love of others without envy, endeavoring so far as in him lies to assist in its perfecting, not without hope that some measure of it may become his. He may not rank first to any living being, and this must at times be a secret sorrow, but he may render himself of importance to many and there are some void places that he alone can fill. Thus even his egotism, which after all is the fundamental reality with each of us, may receive its legitimate gratification.

There is a loneliness that comes of excellence of intellectual and ethical culture; the higher a man climbs the more alone he must find himself. Life on the plains is gregarious, that on the heights is solitary. But this is an entirely different aspect of isolation. A person may complain of solitude without in any sense having a claim to superiority. He is truly reaching

the highest who best cultivates the love of his fellows. No one who does this can ever rightly feel that he or she is not wanted.

CHAPTER XXIII

LIVING WITHOUT LOVE

RICHES, poverty—these are words that admit of wide interpretation. Too often they are used solely with reference to material wealth or material lack. Such application is perhaps unavoidable; for in this life material things are indeed of vast importance. In this customary sense it is a bad thing to be very poor; it is a good thing to be rich. But we can give these words a deeper meaning. With that profounder significance we can say that the poor life is the life that is lived without love.

It is mere waste of breath to pour forth philosophic diatribes against wealth. Human nature is against us. Wealth has charms for all, because it means opportunity, comfort, possession. Poverty has horrors for all, because it means privation, discomfort, impediment. The greatest curse of poverty is not that it deprives us of luxury, ease, stately or beautiful surroundings, but that it too often deprives us of leisure for the concerns of the mind and the spirit; the neces-

sities of the body leave no time for the necessities of the soul. But still there is a poverty that is worse than the lack of material sufficiency; there is that poverty which is the privation of love. The loveless life is unutterably poor.

There are persons who speak hopefully of a time when there shall be equality of opportunity. Do they know what they are speaking of? Do they limit the word opportunity to material things alone? Opportunities differ not only in the matter of possessing or of doing, but of being. We might conceivably become equal in possessions and equal in the outward scope that life offers; but we can never become equal in reality till all differences of spirit, all unlikenesses of character, all variations of desire, are leveled away. Real equality would mean uniformity, which in the world as we know it is impossible and undesirable. Perhaps above all other things we are unequal in the capacity of loving, as certainly we are in the capacity of inspiring love.

In this, if in this alone, there must be differences of wealth, there must be differing grades of poverty; there are some who in the spirit of love seem to inherit the earth, and some who appear disinherited, despoiled

of their birthright, outcasts and paupers. And this is the worst pauperism—to lack love.

We cannot judge narrowly, because persons are born with difference of heritage. But we can judge to some extent of the uses to which their heritage has been applied. We can judge whether they have used their ten talents or neglected their one talent. We can judge if they have allowed themselves to be warped by selfishness, by greed or mean ambition, if they have deserted the higher for the lower and raked among the earth's garbage instead of looking to the sunlight. To win love is to gain a great gift; to give love is to gain a greater. Either alone may seem incomplete, but the sadder incompleteness is that of being loved without loving. The greater lack is the lack of the desire to give.

With a different meaning the poet has said that "we receive but what we give." He meant that if we go forth to nature we receive hope and joy or silence and despair from her, according to what we ourselves bring. That may be true, but in another sense also we receive only what we bring. Love may be showered upon us, but it does not enter and truly bless our souls unless there is love already there to receive it.

But if we can ourselves give affection the blessing has a reciprocal power; for love, like mercy, blesses him who gives and him who takes. The poor life, therefore, is the life that is lived without love—not only without winning but without giving it.

We cannot, of course, ignore the terrible sadness of those whose hearts overflow with affection and who receive none in return. We cannot forget the bitter destitution of those who have been born without charm, perhaps born in personal unloveliness or even deformity, yet whose hearts are full of tenderness that they long to express and who have all the faculty of loving that belongs to their happier fellows. Yet even these, though they can never arouse passion, can probably make themselves loved in a different manner, can make themselves wanted, useful, ministers of comfort. They may still win back much of what they give.

There is a place for the quiet, enduring affections, for the gratefulness that comes of tender ministry, for the possibility of living lives that shall shine with inward light. This possibility is denied to none unless it be to those who are born not without charm of body, but without grace of soul. If we could see more clearly beneath the surface we might chiefly pity not

the physically unlovely, the ordinary and plain in appearance, but those who are mean and unlovely in mind, whose souls are deformed, whose spirits are poorly developed. Those who are content to live selfishly, taking and not giving, grasping and not offering —they are the truly impoverished, the beggared and disinherited. It may not be for us to say how far they are to blame; but it is indeed for us to recognize and pity their lifelong poverty, whatever be the outward wealth of their belongings.

Far less is the loss of those who seem to have wasted themselves in a hopeless affection. The bitterness of such love cannot be gainsaid; none can deny that to love where there is no hope of return is one of life's saddest sorrows. But it need not be a curse, it need not be a despair. Whether it shall become so depends on the manner in which the burden is borne. The sorrow of being unloved does not compare with the extreme poverty of the soul that cannot love, of the heart that has no tenderness to bestow, of the spirit that is crushed beneath a gigantic egotism.

The beggar in the street, if he is willing to share his last crust, may have a glory about and within him; but he who is beggared of love, not having even

its desire, having no warmth or light to give to others —it is he who is a pauper indeed, and not the man or woman who has poured forth love on an unworthy or an unresponding object. There can be no love that is base, though there may be base passion, low desire; it is love alone that can glorify passion, ennoble desire, by the divinity that is within it.

By reason of this divine nature the birth of love comes sometimes like a revelation, an entering on a new and larger life. Till this revelation, this new birth, has come, life lacks all meaning, all significance other than that which is material and earthly. The coming of love is the awakening of the soul. It is this that enriches, because it makes us willing to give everything. It is this that beautifies and transfigures, because it strips us bare of selfish aim, of sordid craving, of low satisfaction, of content in poor egotisms and self-will.

Stripped of the things that impoverish and hamper and degrade, we learn that the sole loveliness in life is this beauty of loving. If return comes, we are indeed blessed; if there appear to be no return, we have yet loved and so have touched life's summit.